ICD

SICK

SEPTEMBER

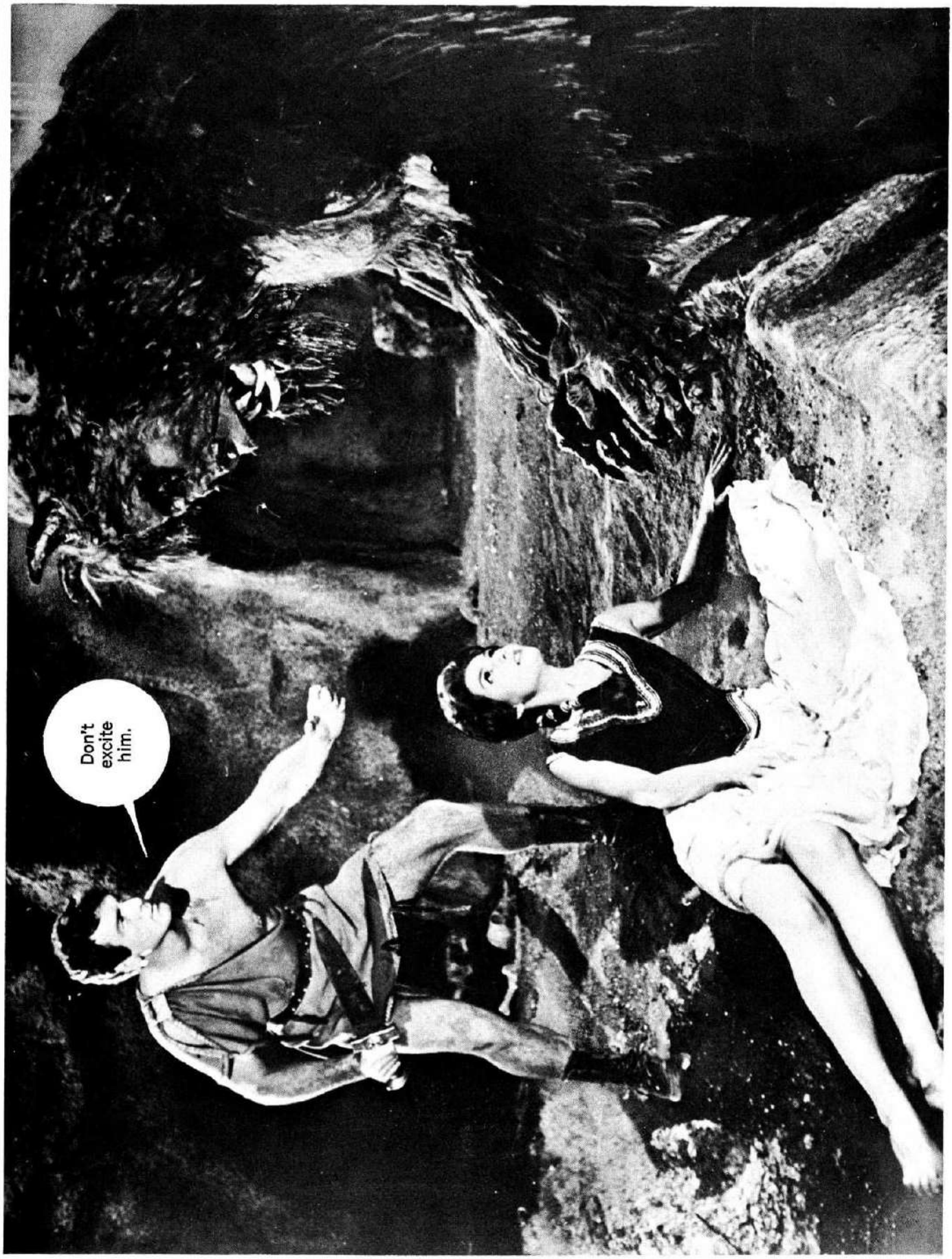
25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

Tarzan Today

GOP Song Book

Great Monster Scenes



Bo Reargard

Song Book

Handbook for Spies,

Subway Chatter

SICK

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

Volume 4 – Number 1 September, 1963

FEATURES . . .

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN WILKES BOOTH . . .
New York's Lincoln Center was named after Abraham Lincoln. We can't understand dedicating a theater to Lincoln. If Lincoln were alive today, he wouldn't set foot in a theater 41

SING ALONG WITH THE GOP . . .
The Rehabilitation unit of the Washington Probation Department reports there are an estimated 100,000 alcoholics in Washington, D.C. And I have a feeling we elected them. Some guys can hold their liquor and other guys can't. One politician had 35 screwdrivers and he just couldn't hold them 26

TV COMMERCIALS . . .
There's a commercial on TV which advertises a scent spray and ends with the line: "Your bathroom will thank you." Our bathroom hasn't even spoken to us in six years 35

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SICKnificant News . . .
There's a story of Vice-President Lyndon Johnson making a call to the President. The conversation goes like this: "Hello, Jack, it's Lyndon . . . Lyndon Johnson. JOHNSON. J-O-H-N-S-O-N." 9

CIVIL WAR BLACKOUTS . . .
Another installment of Jack Davis wizardry . . . Speaking of war, the scene is a Red Chinese General planning an attack. The Colonel protests: "I don't know, sir, anyway I figure it, we have to lose 400,000 men." The Red General replies: "So, what's the problem?" 32

MOVIE REVIEW . . .
"Irma La Dolce" runs two hours. Movies are longer than ever. Any picture under two hours today is a short subject. There's a new movie, "The List of Adrian Messenger" where a man puts people he intends to kill on a list. We saw the picture and now Adrian Messenger is on our list 28

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AVIATION

AIRLINE SAFETY RECORDS

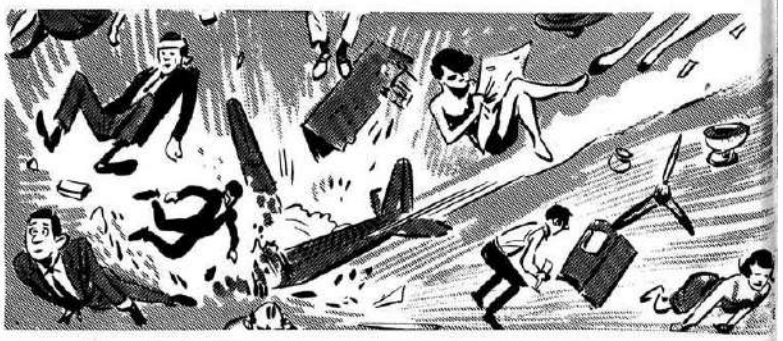
YOU are always reading about crashes and wild parties in flight and all the bad things the nation's airlines do, but this week the government listed seven airlines which have perfect safety records.

One is in Fort Worth, Texas, where an airline has had no accidents for two years on a route between Fort Worth and Denver City, Texas, The Fort Worth airport is exactly 2½ miles from the Denver City airport and they have a long runway. You board a plane in Fort Worth, it taxis to the end of the long runway, and you're in Denver City, safe and sound.

The Fort Worth airport has four runways. One goes to Topeka, Kansas. It's a scenic route. Can't tell you what a kick it is to look out the window and see cars whizzing by your wing.

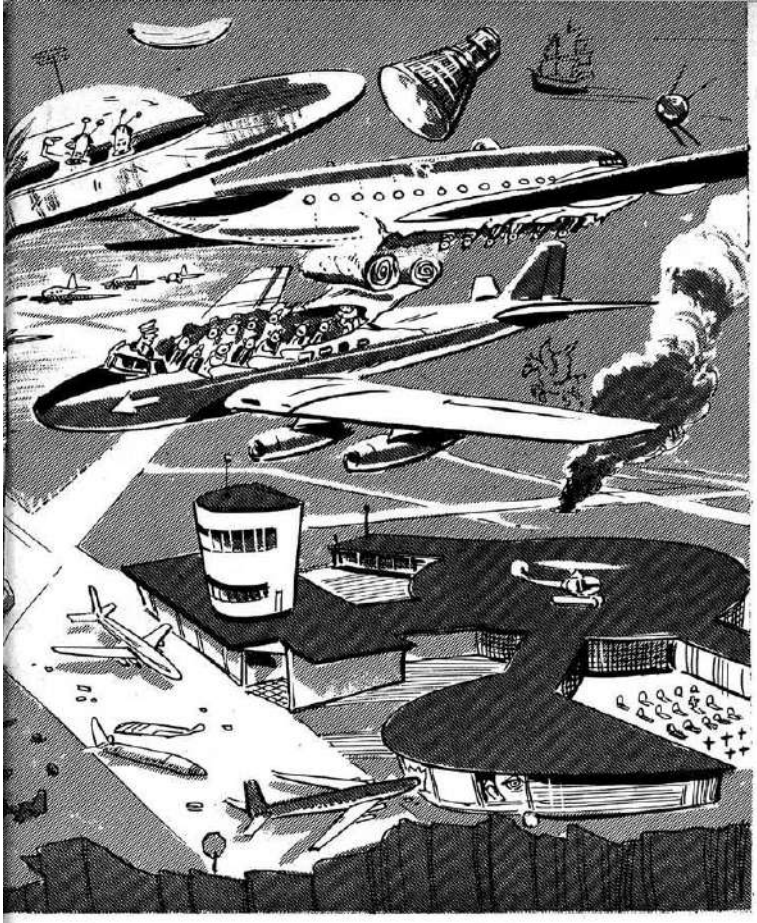
The Fort Worth airline also takes passengers to Oakland, California. By truck. But they've had a lot of crashes on that route.

Another airport with a perfect safety record is in Nashville, Tennessee. They have no planes, just a restaurant. They also have some scales to weigh your luggage while you're eating. In three years, not a single waitress has dropped a tray in the Nashville Airport Restaurant. A few *married* waitresses have. In fact, last year, a married waitress dropped a baby she was carrying for a woman who was weighing herself on the luggage scale.



The Nashville airport was doing great, but neighbors complained about the noise of car engines going and coming from the restaurant.

People in Queens, New York, complained about the noise jets were making, so the airline tried an experiment. A jet plane cut its motors while flying over the neighborhood. The experiment was a success. The plane crashed into a row of houses, but no one in the neighborhood heard the crash.



We were once in a plane that had engine trouble and circled the airport for three hours until all the gas ran out and then they circled the field for another half hour until all the passengers ran out. We shiver everytime we think of it. There's no telling what would have happened if the plane had been in the air.

You can't always trust safety reports from airlines. There's one in Mexico—what they consider a successful flight is when the pilot walks away from the crash.

An airline in Alaska hasn't recorded a crash in over five years. They have tapes of pilots talking to the tower, but there is too much distortion to record them, especially after the planes hit the ground.

Airlines are trying to improve safety precautions. Some of them already have gotten automatic stewardesses for the automatic pilots. Airlines are investigating crash-prone pilots. One pilot had six crashes. Upon investigation they found out he was afraid to land. As the plane approached the runway, he'd run back through the plane and lock himself in the washroom. Sometimes it took three days for them to coax him out of there.

They sent him to a psychiatrist and he gained his confidence back. He still panics on landings, but he doesn't run all the way back to the washroom any more. Now, he hides under the seats. You see how far he's come.

NEW SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

automatic stewardesses

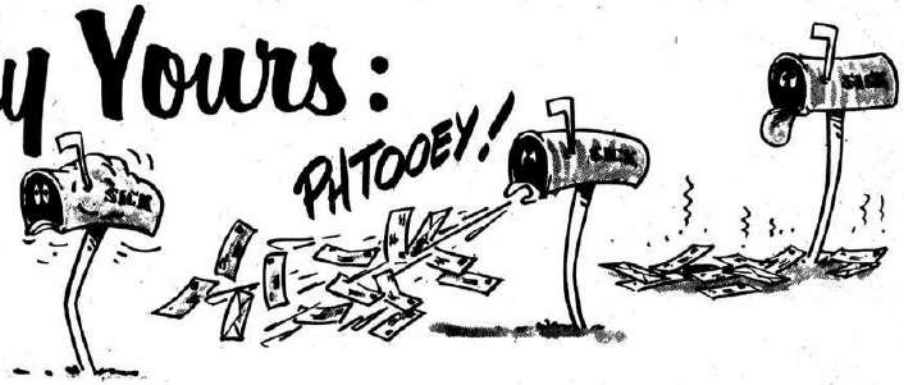
flying psyciatrists

friendly insurance machines

Another pilot used to come into the plane with a parachute strapped to his back. At the first sign of trouble, he'd jump.

What shakes us up is the insurance machines they have in the terminal. You insert 25 cents and you're insured for $35,000. Once we named one of those insurance machines as our sole beneficiary. That might sound silly to you, but every year we get a Christmas card from that insurance machine.

Sickcerely Yours:



Dear SICK:
I have just read your June issue of SICK, and now I know why the name of your magazine is SICK. (ED: Oh, tell us, please.) Because it is SICK. (ED: Figures.) I do not know how you can criticize Steve Allen because he is twice as good as you.

A Steve Allen fan
Philip L. Patterson
1828 Exeter
Irving, Texas

ED: Three times as good.

Dear SICK:
I like everything about SICK, except the letters page. (ED: You had to write to tell us this?) Cut out those clod's letters who write in some dumb things just so they can see their names in print.

Freddy Chambers
3485 Corley
Beaumont, Texas

ED: Those clods will be glad to see your name in print.

Dear SICK:
I have a problem. His name is Ray Carini, *"Rat"* for short. He follows me around school. knocks my books from my hand. What suggestions do you have for getting rid of *Rat?*

Lenny Borkowski
Ivoryton, Conn.

ED: Try cyanide with cornmeal in a dish.

Dear SICK:
I have a problem. I know you are authorities, so maybe you can help me. This guy follows me around school. We call him *Lovers Lips Lenny*. What do you think I should do about him?

Rat
Raymond Carini
East Liberty Street
Chester, Conn.

ED: Play it cool, he's losing you.

Dear SICK:
I have just finished your issue and I decided to write you a letter of approval for the good work you're doing. You may not believe how I got acquainted with your magazine. I was passing a waste basket while at school and something caught my eye. I investigated and I discovered to my surprise and good fortune, that it was a copy of your magazine. Well, I took it home and read it and I have been an avid reader ever since.

Charles Lee
7851 Sherman Road
Millington, Tenn.

ED: Who do you think put that copy of SICK in that waste basket?

Dear SICK:
Do you accept material for your magazine from outside sources (*ED: You mean do we steal from MAD?*), I mean from readers like me. If you do, I'd appreciate any information you can give me along that line. How much do you pay?

Thomas Le Grazie
112 Oak Street
Harrison, N.Y.

ED: We are anxious to receive contributions from our readers. Anything you send will get careful and considerate attention. We pay very little, but we're lovable, so who cares.

Dear SICK:
I am a fan of hot cars so won't you write an article about hot cars.

The Beatnik
1619 B Ave. S.E.
Hickory, N.C.

ED: You send us a hot car and we'll write an article about it.

Dear SICK:
I've been through an experience which proves your magazine spreads to foreign countries (*ED: We know the experience — World War II, Right?*). Since I'm a fan, do me a favor, print an article on that cool ghoul by the name of John Zacherley, so that your foreign fans will get to know this great talent. Jack Davis is the greatest cartoonist in the whole world and he deserves an award.

Susan Munsey
1756 Carlyon Avenue
East Cleveland, Ohio

ED: We know that, but we don't want Jack to find out.

Dear SICKsters:
I remember when I was such a clod that I didn't read SICK. But now that I'm older I know what good trash is when I read it. I now read SICK and I'm not a clod, but I'm a full fledged FINK.

Bill Chester
1928 E. Jackson
Elklort, Indiana

ED: Smock! Smock!

Dear SICK:
I would just like to say that I think the writers of SICK are a bunch of crazy nuts, so I think I will. I think the writers of SICK are a bunch of crazy nuts! I like crazy nuts.

Shirley Schrader
Rt. 7, Box 293-B
Morgantown, W.Va.

P.S. If you don't get this letter, write me and tell me and I will send another one.

ED: Will someone write this kid and say we got her letter.

Dear Jerks:
You and your staff are all: Twerps, idiots. screwballs. nuts, fools, slobs, crumbs, clods, dolts, jerks, dumb, stinking, rotten, lousy, screwy. We just don't know why you bother selling SICK over here. Only jerks in loony bins bother to read it.

Two prize jerks,
Padded Cell No. 29
Gooch Loony Bin,
Preston, England

ED: This week take an "emotional," disturbed person to lunch.

Dear SICK SIRS:
After reading your latest piece of junk, I found out how wrong I was when I thought your magazine was useless. It's great for wrapping fish.

Fish Face
Montreal, Canada

ED: Some people think all they have to do is say something bad about our magazine, and we'll print it. They're so right.

Dear SICKing Editors:
I read your June issue of SICK and the best page was "SICKcerely Yours." I laughed at it all night. Those people who wrote those letters must be sick — sick in the head. I dare you to write this in your crummy magazine.

Wally Gibson
740 East 39th Street, N.
Tulsa, Oklahoma

ED: We write all those letters ourselves, wise guy, the readers write in the snappy answers.

Dear SICK:
Regarding your last article in the June issue entitled "Historical Heroes," General Custer had 264 men, not 276 like you said . . .

Dennis Trefry
12769 Torch Street
Baldwin Park, Calif.

ED: Guess which two men wrote that piece.

Dear SICK:
I just bought your magazine for the first time and in 6½ hours it has made me sick. I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.

Linda Robinson
12 Browne St.
Brookline, Mass.

ED: Don't take it out on us. You need an Anacin.

Dear SICK:
I think your wind-up dolls are fabulous. I think that SICK is funny,

fabulous, crazy and cookoo. Be sure to have some cool articles next time.

Karen Myers
1429 N. Holyoke
Wichita 8, Kansas

ED: What do you mean, next time?

Dear Editors:
I read your magazine sometimes, and it's pretty good **(ED. Pretty is, as pretty does).** In your June issue a boy from Arkansas wanted to know why you said "This is Governor Fabuus. Paint him black." You said "Would you like to go to school with him?" **(ED. Pretty clever answer, heh?)** I will answer that question. **(ED. Which question?)** I would have been a lot smarter if I had.

I hope you come to Arkansas some day and see how beautiful Arkansas is. By the way, what state do you live in?

Ronnie Newton
910 23rd Street
Arkadelphia, Arkansas

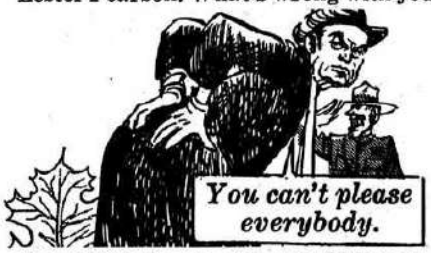
ED: In a state of constant hysteria.

Dear SICK, SICK, SICK:
In just a few simple swift words, I'm going to tell you what I think of your magazine.— it's awful. Which means it shakes you until you swoon from laughing. Your service to publishing is surely good enough for Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

John Crockett
195 Colgate
Buffalo, N.Y.

ED: We do lousy on Earth!

Dear Sick idiots:
In your June issue, you said that John Diefenbaker is the Canadian Prime Minister. I would like to clue you in that the present Prime Minister is Lester Pearson. What's wrong with you



idiots? Didn't you come out of hibernation yet?

M. C.
2392 Rozel St.
Montreal, Quebec

ED: Our June, 1963 issue was written in March of 1938. Even Diefenbaker wasn't Prime Minister then.

Dear SICK:
We are sick about SICK around my house and we have a club for dopes. We were wondering if you could send us some sick pictures that we could hand on our clubhouse.

Paul & Bill Gaunse
8475 Lynn River Road
Norfolk 3, Va.

ED: No, but could you send us a picture of your clubhouse? We want to hang it with our SICK pictures.

Dear SICK Ones:
I like your magazine. Am I SICK?

Michael Allport
54 Poplar Avenue
Ross, California

ED: You might not be sick, but you have a temperature.

Dear SICK:
Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm one of those sick dopes who loves your magazine. Keep up the great work.

Marilyn Levenson
2636 South Belvoir Boulevard
Unversity Heights, Ohio

ED: Don't you hate these crank letters?

Dear SICK:
When I have problems, I always find an answer in your magazine. But put more articles in about me. If you don't, I will press the button.

Nikita (Big Boy)
210 Cherry Street
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

ED: Has John Edgar Hoover seen this letter? It surprised us because Nikita once said he wouldn't be found dead in Mt. Pleasant.

Dear SICK:
I read most of the fan letters and how they knock your magazine. I think your magazine is great and shouldn't be knocked by thoughtless people. They should understand that you do not mean any harm.

Steven Brocciodrita
870 East 147 Street
New York, N.Y.

ED: Sorry, fella, we do mean to do harm. Lots of it.

Dear SICK sirs:
I am pleased to advise you that I have this day conferred upon you the title of "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE" in appreciation for your excellent magazine. I have granted you complete right and title to all that portion of my kingdom lying East and West of the Hudson River for a distance of 50 miles. All kidding aside, SICK is the greatest.

His Majesty King Arthur of
THE YOGI CAVALIERS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ED: Who's kidding? We're driving the cops off our land. Does 50 miles include the Bronx? We'd rather let them have the Bronx.

ED: Here's a back-to-school monologue by SICK reader, Richard Weingroff, of Balta, Maryland. It's the teacher addressing a new class:

"Good morning, class. I want you to be quiet. And when I say quiet I mean I want it so quiet you can hear a pin drop. Spatz, pick up that pin. Yes, I heard it. Spatz, you're a bright boy, not too smart, but bright. Sit down, Spatz. You can't? There's a fly on your seat. Sit down, he'll fly away. He didn't fly away—you squashed him? No, you don't have to sit in that seat anymore—I know it has terrible memories."

SON OF NAKED CITY

The report is that "Naked City" is a possible casualty of the current TV season and will go the way of "The Detectives" and "87th Precinct." The one scene we'll miss on these police dramas is the booking of a criminal.

SCENE: Police Headquarters.

What are you holding me for?
For booking bets—bookmaking is illegal in this state. Come clean, Louie, you're a habitual gambler and a known bookmaker. This time we caught you red-handed.
I'm not talking.
Stop hedging, Louie. You were booking bets, we know it.
Here's the District Attorney. Caught him this time, Kincaid.
I have to inform you of your rights under the law, Louie. I have to warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you.
I didn't say a word.
The crime is bookmaking.
How do you plead?
I never bet on a horse in my life.
Before we take you downstairs to book you, I am obligated to tell you that you are allowed just one phone call.
Here's the phone.
Hello, Christian? Louis Scaponi. Listen carefully.
I want to lay off $50 on Speedy Arrest in the fifth race at Hialeah . . .

SICK-NIFICANT NEWS EVENTS

JUST as the United States has KREMINOLOGISTS, experts on Soviet affairs, the Russians have experts on American affairs, called the YANKOLOGISTS. *Their* experts apparently embrace wrong conclusions as well as ours. In fact, these guys haven't been right once. They may be trying to counteract our CIA. But it's beginning to bug Fatso.

The Yankologists picked Wilkie for President in 1940, Dewey in 1944, Stevenson in 1952 and Nixon in 1960. Besides which, they picked *Candy Spots* in the Derby and *No Robbery* in the Preakness. *No Robbery* didn't even run in the Preakness. And if he had, he wouldn't have won it. They were also wrong in predicting that Governor Rockefeller would marry Joan Crawford and after they moved to the White House, Bette Davis would come and live with them.

The Yankologist picked Patterson over Liston. When Patterson lost the first fight, they called it a "lucky shove."

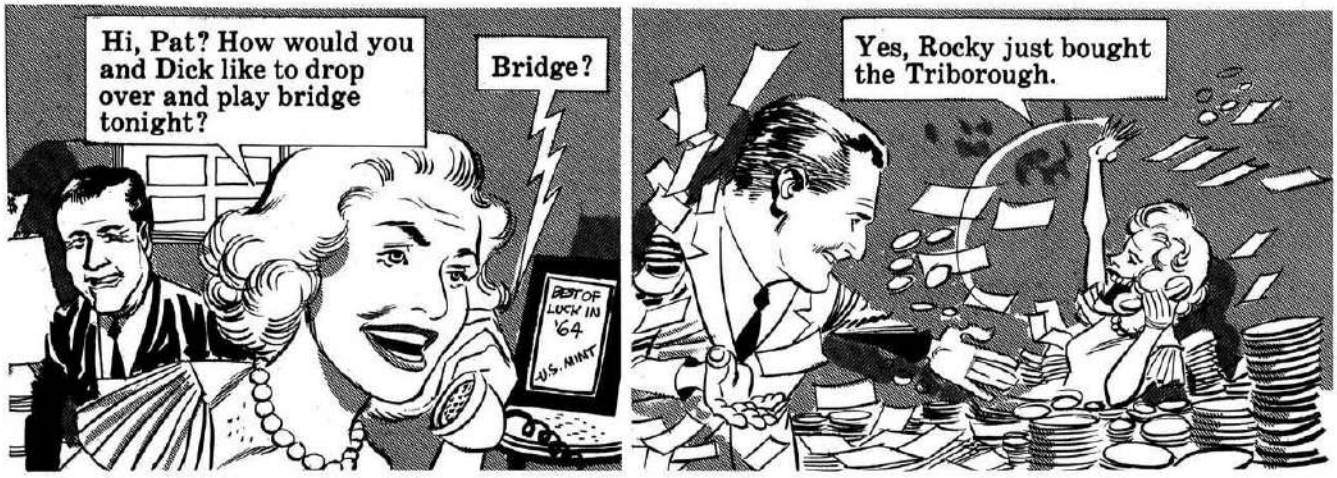
However, we have to give them credit for one correct prediction. They did predict the actual place and time of the death of Eva Peron. Hit it on the nose. They made that prediction last week. . . .

MUNICH–Former Nazi broadcaster, Edward Sittler, will appeal Supreme Court decision not to restore his U.S. citizenship *Sittler will have a tough time getting back into U.S. broadcasting.*

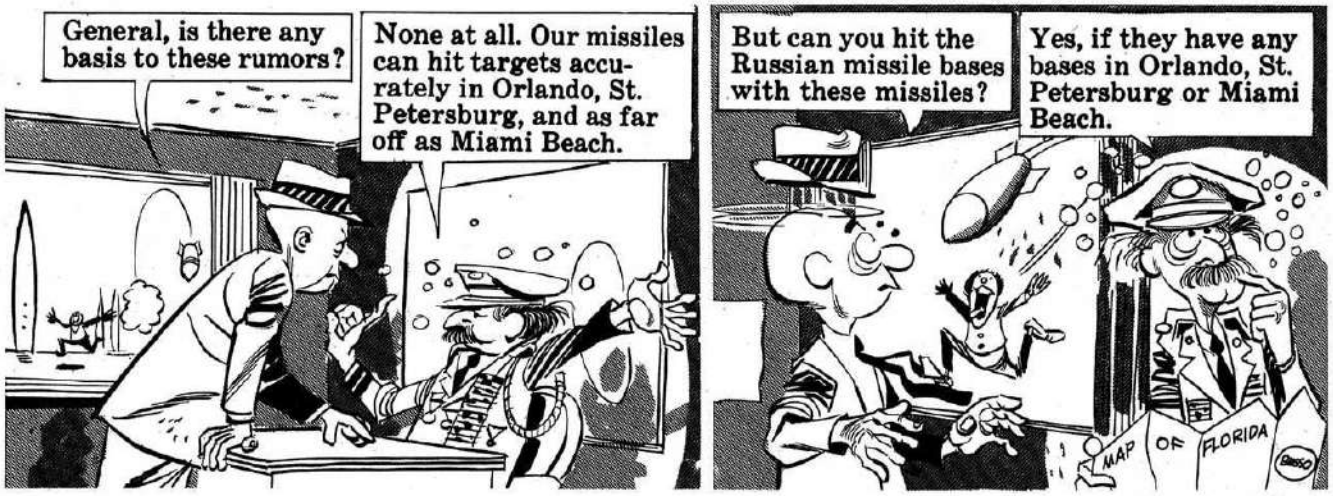
SCENE: Office of radio station

What experience do you have in broadcasting?
I was fiction writer for Radio Berlin during World War II.
Fiction writer?
I wrote news broadcasts. I worked under Josef Goebbels.
What have you done recently?
Since the war, I've been avoiding Israeli agents. They want me to do station breaks on Radio Tel Aviv.
They want to take me to every station in Tel Aviv and they'll break an arm or a leg in each one.

NEW YORK – Richard Nixon has purchased an apartment next door to Nelson Rockefeller and his wife, Happy, in New York.


Hi, Pat? How would you and Dick like to drop over and play bridge tonight?
Bridge?
BEST OF LUCK IN '64
U.S. MINT
Yes, Rocky just bought the Triborough.

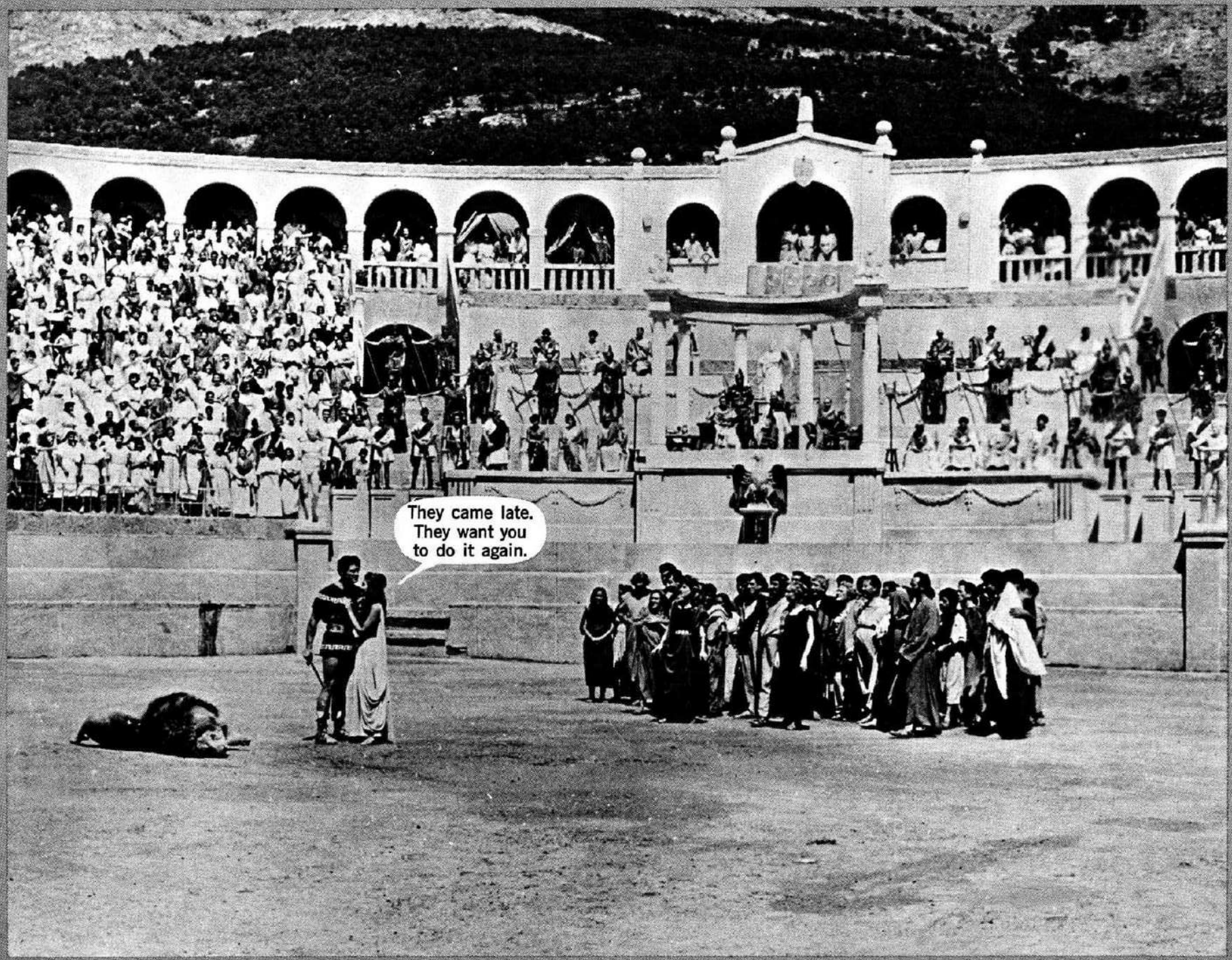
CAPE CANAVERAL–Rumors are current that the U.S. inter-continental missile cannot carry its payload to targets in the Soviet Union. Here is the Director of the Minuteman program:


General, is there any basis to these rumors?
None at all. Our missiles can hit targets accurately in Orlando, St. Petersburg, and as far off as Miami Beach.
But can you hit the Russian missile bases with these missiles?
Yes, if they have any bases in Orlando, St. Petersburg or Miami Beach.
MAP OF FLORIDA

WASHINGTON – Senator Thomas Kuchel claims the Birch Society is spreading rumors such as: "Thousands of Chinese Communist troops are poised on the Mexican border, ready to attack California."

Scene: Mexican border –

We're checking rumors that there are thousands of Red troops here ready to attack California. Is that true?
Just a minute, I'll check with my commanding officer.
MEHICO
HO-LAA
HMMMMMMMM
What part of California?
SI HABLA ESPANOL ?


They came late.
They want you
to do it again.

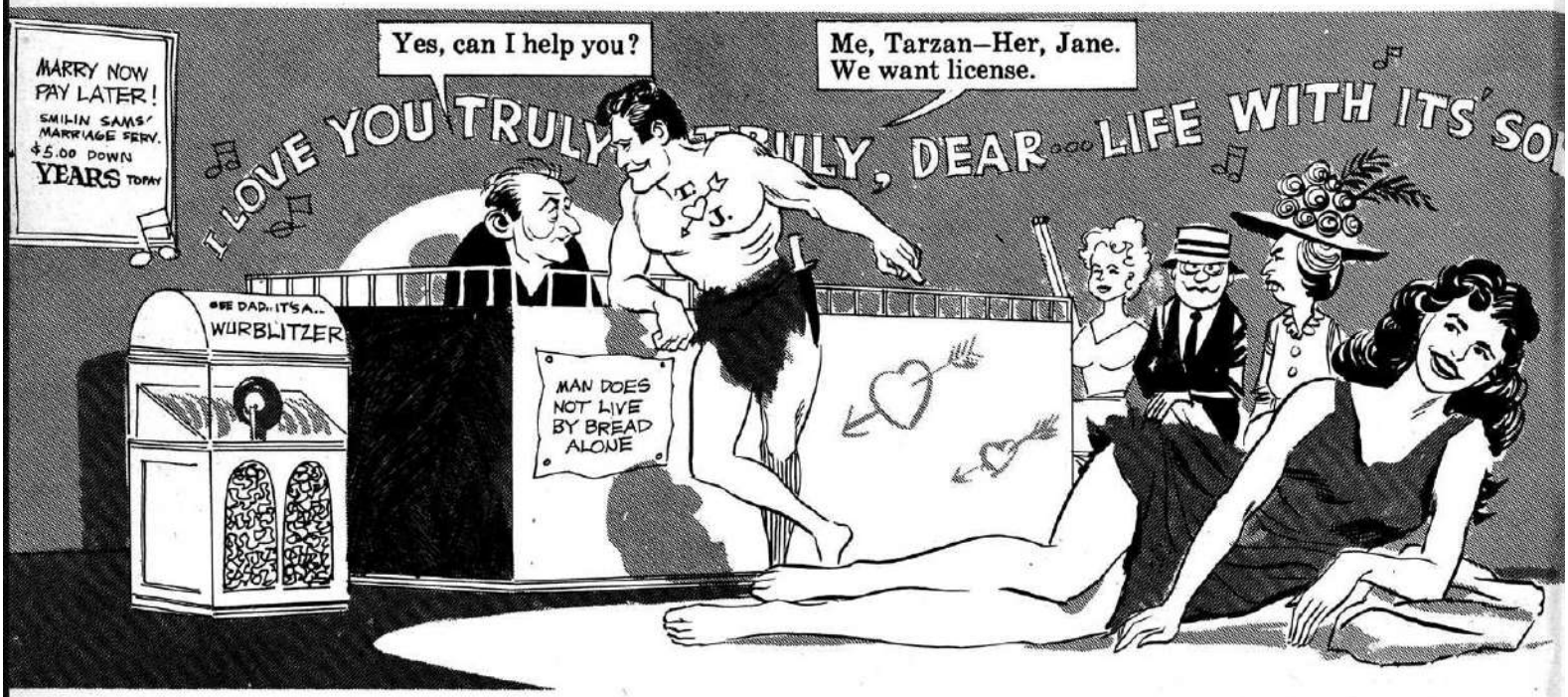
Art by Richard Doxsee

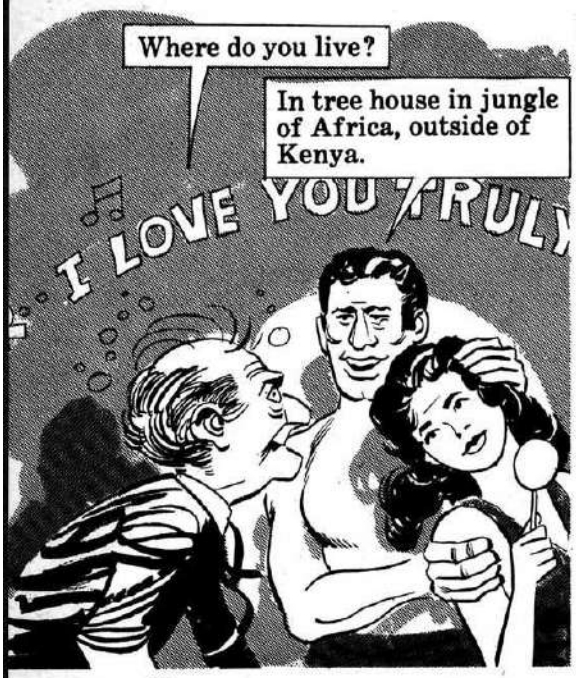
TARZAN'S WEDDING

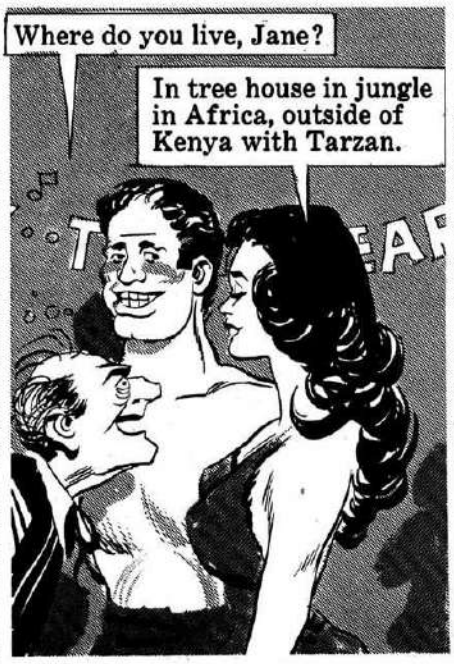
LAS VEGAS – Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan) got married today.

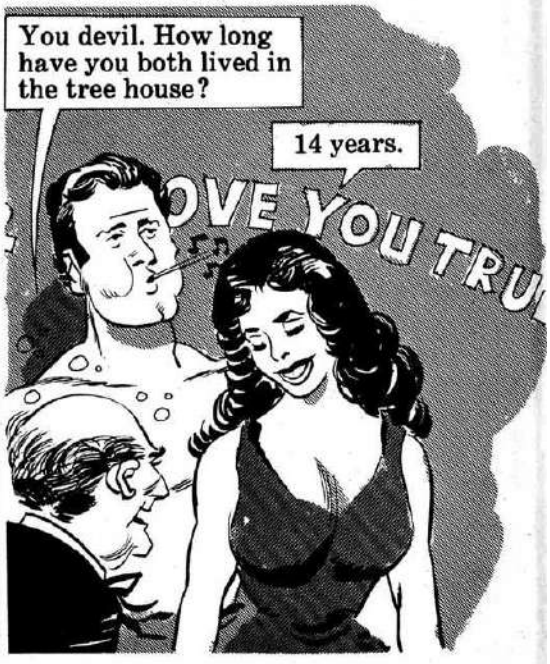
We don't know who the girl is, but we hope it's the one who waited patiently for all these years for the ape man to make it legal.

SCENE: Las Vegas Marriage Bureau. Tarzan and Jane in front of clerk.


MARRY NOW PAY LATER!
SMILIN SAMS' MARRIAGE SERV.
$5.00 DOWN
YEARS TODAY
Yes, can I help you?
Me, Tarzan–Her, Jane. We want license.
I LOVE YOU TRULY
DEAR ... LIFE WITH ITS SO
BE DAD... IT'S A... WURBLITZER
MAN DOES NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE







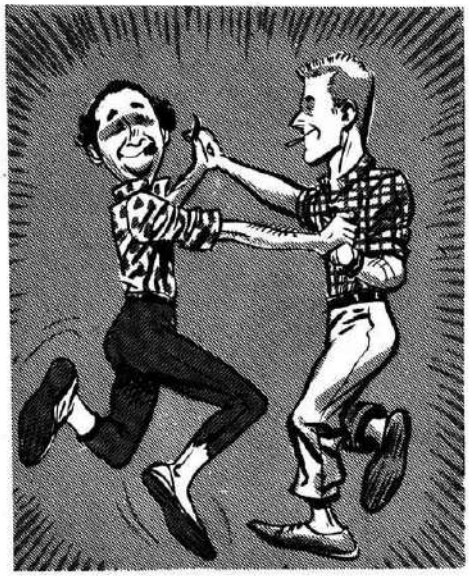
Oh, I see, just trying it out. Who told you to come here?
Elephant tell me.
You spoke to an elephant? He must be very intelligent.
Memory he has, but intelligence, no.
Why do you kids want to get married?
For Boy.
Boy? There's a child? What him called?
We call him "Boy." Me Tarzan, Her Jane.
Yes, I have that. Where was your home before the jungle, Jane?
FLY NOW
CRASH LATER
I was left in the jungle by a plane crash.
Where were you from, Tarzan? I mean, Jane was brought by giant, white bird in the sky—
No, she was brought by airplane, DC-Constellation, Turbo Jet.
BIG, WE MUST
Z.W.A.
THE SAFE WAY TO TRAVEL
How about you, Tarzan? Were you left in jungle by airplane?
No, by giant white bird in the sky.
THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS!
Is there any one else in your family?
There's Cheeta—he's a monkey.
OOK
Seems strange you would give a monkey a name and not give one to your own son.
Boy not our son—he dropped in jungle by plane crash.
HI
Is there any other way to get to your jungle other than by a plane crash?
I swing from tree to tree on vines.
SPLAT
What if you swing onto a tree that hasn't got a vine to swing from. Then, what do you do?
I don't swing to that tree.
Sorry I asked.

Actually, the girl Johnny Weissmuller married was not Jane in the Tarzan movies. Maureen O'Sullivan, Tarzan's Jane is on Broadway in a play ironically entitled: "Never Too Late." She's been going out with Buster Crabbe and Lex Barker.

Since everybody and his brother (Jack and Bobby) have put forth their ideas on the subject, SICK now gives its plan on –

HOW TO FREE CUBA

1. Make Cuba a state. One state more or less isn't going to hurt.



2. Try to integrate it. This is bound to cause riots — it always does.

3. Send in Federal troops to stop the riots. This will obviously increase the riots.

4. Declare Cuba a disaster area.

5. Then, have a disaster there. Like a typhoon or a tornado. We've noticed that typhoons and tornadoes always occur in disaster areas.

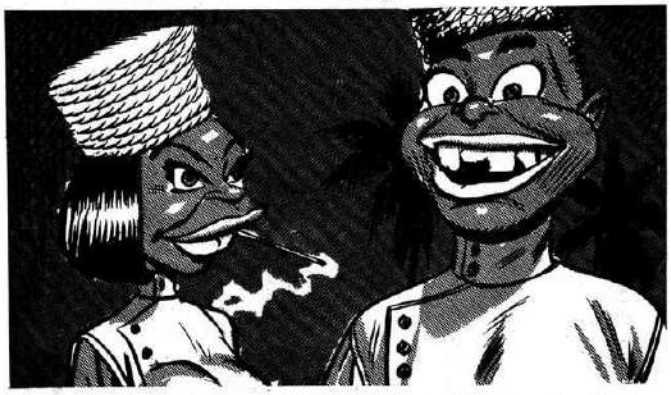
6. Blame the disaster on Castro. This is easy. The Cuban people are very gullible. Look, they believed Castro.

7. Hang Castro in effigy — but without the effigy.
This will ruin Havana for all time. Have you ever known a town that had a lynching that ever amounted to anything afterwards?

As for the 14,000 Russian troops that Senator Keating says are still in Cuba:

a. Make them Fullbright students and send them to the Belgian Congo.

Send a Senator to Russia and let him bug Khrushchev about the "14,000 Russian troops in the Belgian Congo."



c. In no time, mark our words, watch Khrushchev make the Belgian Congo a Russian state.

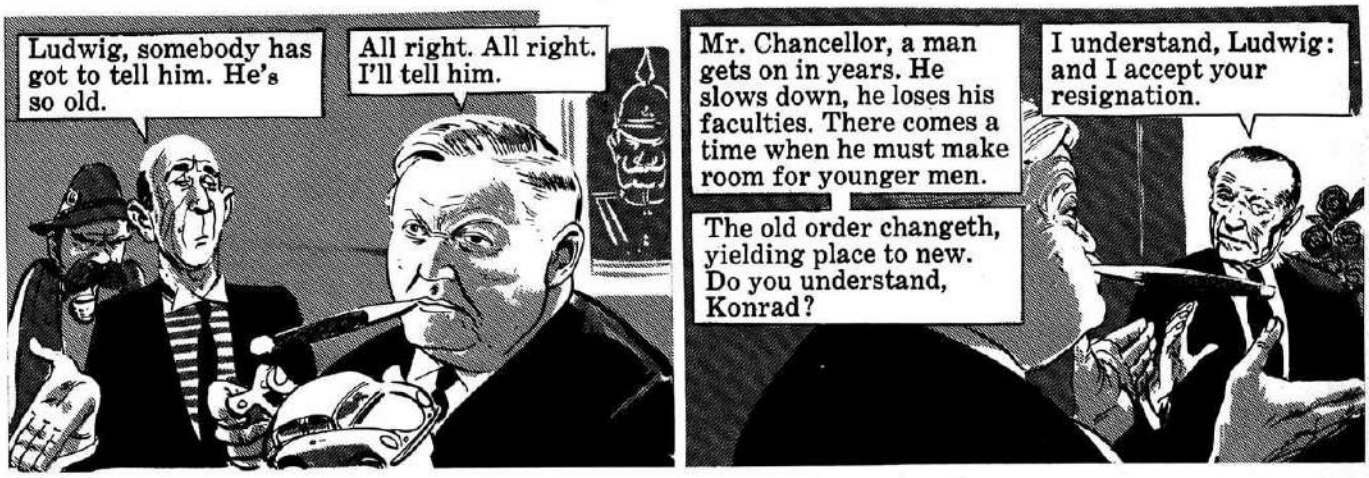
d. Then, he's going to try to integrate the Belgian Congo.
And have you got any idea how much trouble that's going to cause him?

ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA–Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Sellassie wants to turn his Imperial bodyguard brass band into a symphony orchestra.

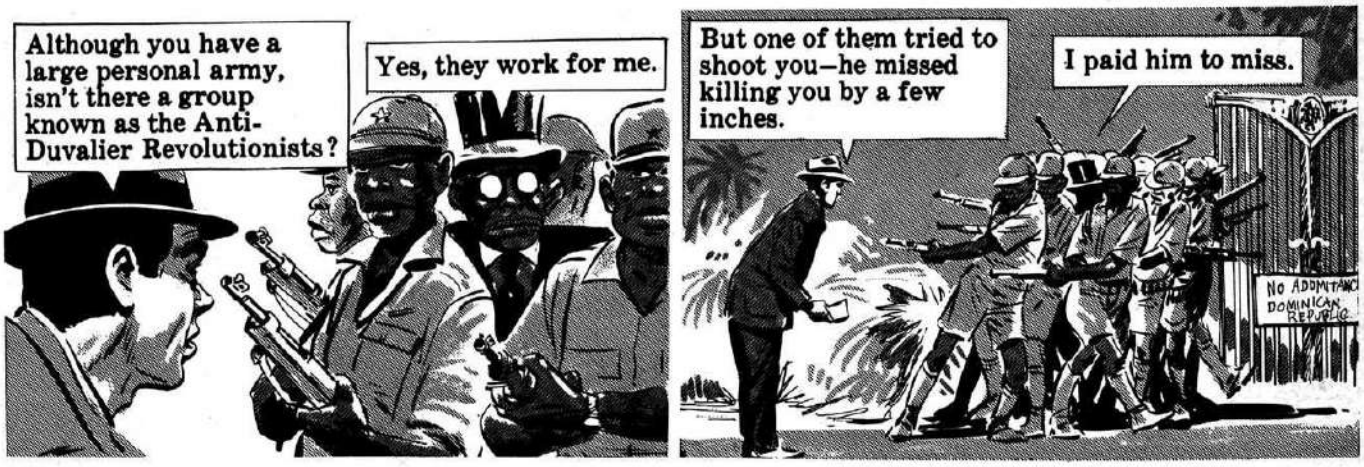
Scene: Palace of Haile Sellassie

Why is it impossible for my bodyguard brass band to play symphonies?
You know what instruments they play? Six play carbine rifles, two play submachine guns, three play mortars and one plays a bazooka.
Who does your arrangements–Eliot Ness? Why can't they play musical instruments?
Did you ever try firing a trombone? The brass band was just a front–it gave us an excuse to march in state parades.
ETHIOPIA FOREVER
FRITTER FUZZ
I *wondered* why I could never hear the band. If they don't play, anybody can be in the Imperial band.
Anyone who can carry a gun.
BARF
That's too bad. I wanted the band to perform with the Royal Choir.
About the Royal Choir–Have you ever heard them sing?
USA
CHICK
Now, that you mention it–Yes.
That was Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians –a record.
ETHIOPIA FOR THE ETHIOPIANS –NICKY
FRITTER FUZZ
SICK
THIS WAY TO NEXT PANEL
You're kidding. They have a phonograph player? I can't believe it.
It's true. Every time they enter a room to give a concert, the first thing they do is look for the electric outlet.
THUD
HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, ETC.
NEXT TIME TAKE THE BUS

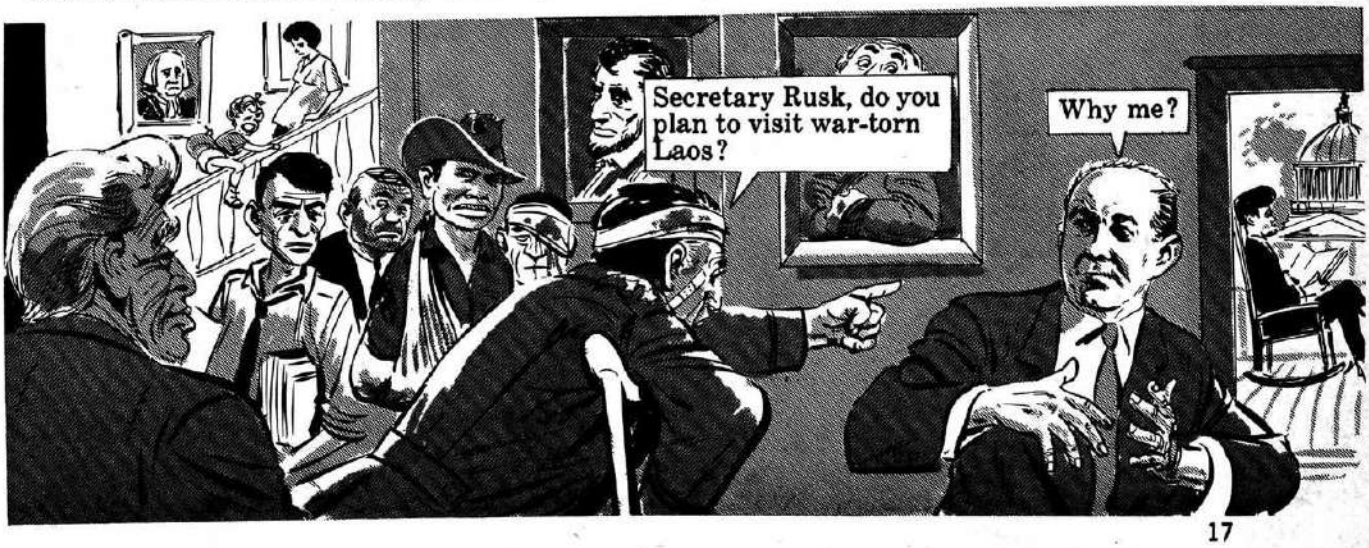
WEST GERMANY – Konrad Adenauer, 87-year-old Chancellor has been asked to resign in favor of Vice Chancellor Ludwig Erhard.


Ludwig, somebody has got to tell him. He's so old.
All right. All right. I'll tell him.
Mr. Chancellor, a man gets on in years. He slows down, he loses his faculties. There comes a time when he must make room for younger men.
The old order changeth, yielding place to new. Do you understand, Konrad?
I understand, Ludwig: and I accept your resignation.

HAITI–Strongman Francois Duvalier is reported to have a civil army under his personal control that rivals any army of Latin America.


Although you have a large personal army, isn't there a group known as the Anti-Duvalier Revolutionists?
Yes, they work for me.
But one of them tried to shoot you–he missed killing you by a few inches.
I paid him to miss.
NO ADMITTANCE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

LAOS – The situation in Laos has erupted into bloody conflict with death and desruction everywhere. Here is what Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, has to say about this crisis.



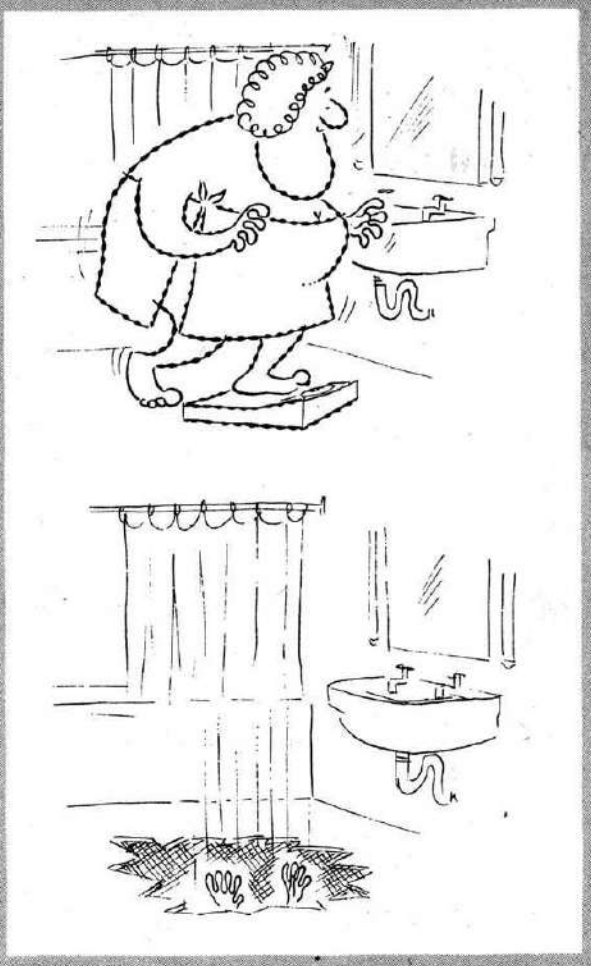
RUSSIAN FISHING TRAWLERS PROWLING OFF FLORIDA

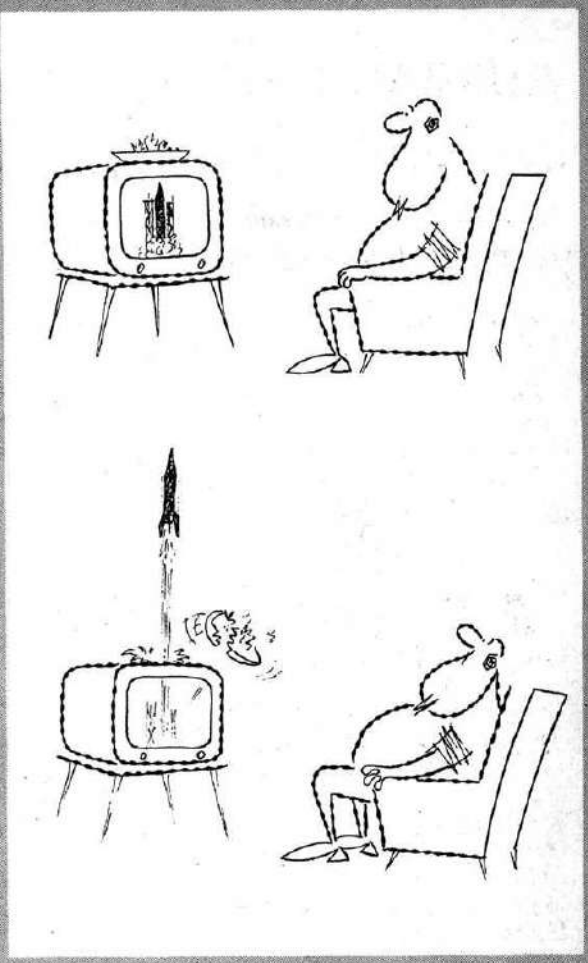
Sen. Bartlett says Russians have 360 fishing boats spying on U.S.

SCENE: Aboard a Russian Fishing Trawler.

Now hear this, Now hear this. Aboard this ship, radio silence will be maintained at all times. When the radio is on, everybody be silent. Yes, Toboroff, what do you have to report?
Captain, you said to report anything unusual. There are two men on this ship from the same Province in the Ukrane.
No, Toboroff. The orders were to report anything unusual on the American coast, not on this ship. What else do you have to report?
One of the men caught a fish.
HE DID WHAT?!! Our mission is to stay close to the U.S. coastline to get information on United States shipping. Fishing is just a front.
What should I do with the fish, sir?
Your duty is clear. See if you can get any information on U.S. shipping out of it. If not, throw it overboard.
Sir, the men want permission to keep the fish they catch. They can sell them when we go home.
Okay. But if we're stopped by another Russian ship, throw the fish overboard. And if we're stopped by the U.S. Coast Guard, throw the radar overboard!
Captain, we have just spotted a PT Boat on the radar.
Let me see.
That's "McHale's Navy"! You're picking up TV again. Last week you said we were being boarded by Ensign O'Toole.
Sir, if we're picking up TV from Miami, that can only mean one thing—we're inside the three mile limit.
All right. Toboroff, you know what to do. Pass the word. No gambling.
PAUL REINMAN

DOUBLE DECKERS





ROYAL WEDDING

The omens for the wedding of socialite Hope Cooke and Crown Prince of Sikkim were all bad. There was an earthquake. floods. thunderstorms. fires and a mild cyclone. However, the wedding went off as planned and the happy wedding party drove off for a gay honeymoon inside an active volcano.

Here's how the royal wedding looked to two ladies on New York's Brighton BMT subway.

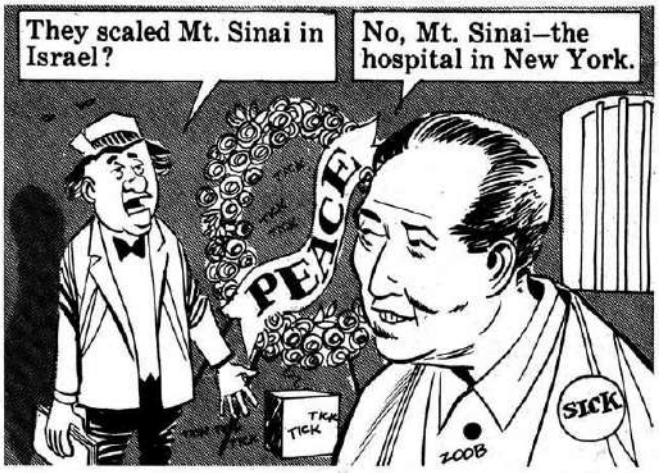
Did you see the royal wedding news. The paper says he's worth 75 million dollars.
Yes, but he's not of her faith, Becky.
They had an oriental wedding in a palace.
She didn't even have a church wedding.
There were 8,000 wedding guests.
Oh, those Tibetians know how to give a wedding. I've been! The food is delicious.
YOGURT
I understand the family never saw the boy. What kind of life is this for her?
He's worth millions, Rochelle.
Mark my words, she'll have to go to work after the first year. Do they intend to have children?
She does—he doesn't.
What are the religious affiliations involved?
He's Budhist and she's Episcopalean.
How do they intend to bring up the children?
Catholic.
I read his family name is Majarajkumarani. I bet they changed their name.
She won't have to work, her husband is a Sikkim.
Her family didn't lose a daughter they gained a Sikkim.

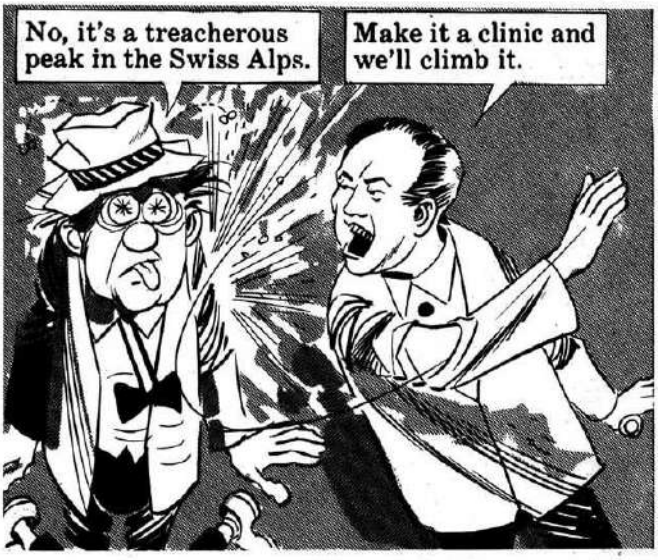
Listen, Grace Kelly didn't do too badly marrying a Prince.
What's wrong with Jackie Kennedy? That JFK is a Prince.
Tell me, where did the lovers meet?
In Temple.
That's nice.
No, Rochelle, Temple University. They both majored in Oriental
YES
NO
She was a grad student and he was an exchange student.
Believe me, darling, those mixed marriages don't work. I say, if you're a grad student, you should *marry* a grad student. Where will they live?
In the mountains of Tibet.
DO NOT DISTURB
JUST MARRIED
What is the climate like in Tibet?
FIDEL GO HOME
It's like Asbury Park, New Jersey.
I don't like the seashore. Every summer, Howie and I go to the mountains.
Would you like Asbury Park if it had mountains?
She's living so far away from home. Her mother must be furious. If she lived in *this continent*, at least! If she gets sick, she can pick up a phone.
MESSAGE
How is *your* sleeping beauty, Rosalie? Is she still single?
Yes, and still sleeping. I'm worried–she'll be 15 next November.
Don't worry. Some day her prince will come to your little Snow White.
Just my luck this Snow White will marry one of the Seven Dwarfs.
I wouldn't mind so much as long as it's Doc. There are a lot of short men in my family.
On Howie's side?
In my family, Becky, *nobody's* on Howie's side.
Vic MARTIN

SPORTS

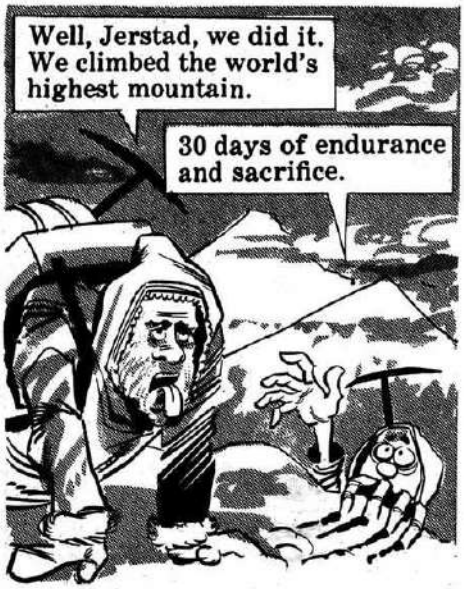
KATMANDU, NEPAL – Four U.S. mountain climbers scale Mt. Everest. Red Chinese claim their team did it in 1959.

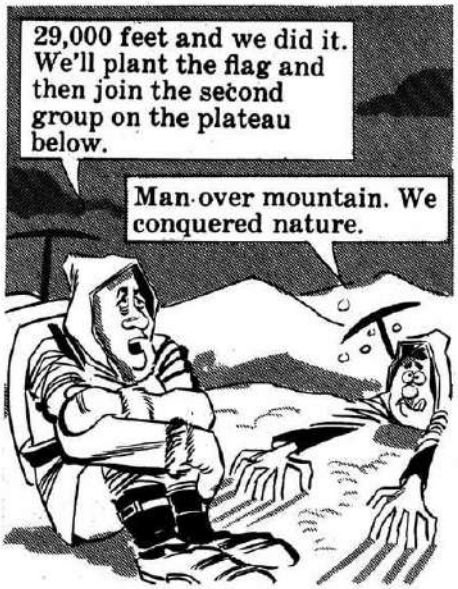
But, Mao Tse-Tung, the Yank climbers found no evidence that the Communist team ever scaled Mt. Everest.
What did they expect to find, Stalin's body? Our boys also climbed Mt. Sinai.
SICK
COME TO THE PARTY
RED





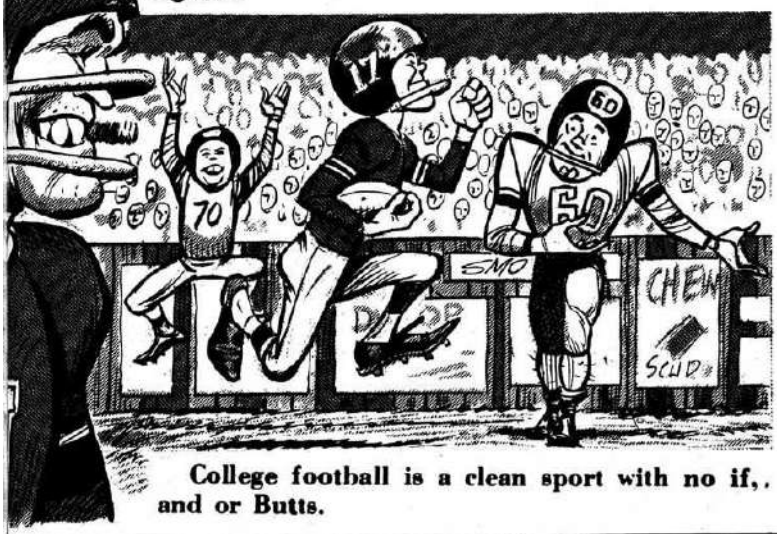
MEANWHILE, two Americans have scaled the Jayne Mansfield of mountain climbing– Mt. Everest.




29,000 feet and we did it. We'll plant the flag and then join the second group on the plateau below.
Man over mountain. We conquered nature.

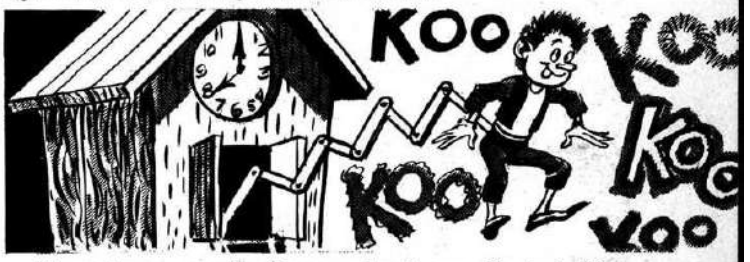
TRIVIA

GEORGIA – The charge that Coach Butts gave vital information to the Alabama coach prior to the Alabama-Georgia football game was given added credulence by the fact that an Alabama left tackle was calling Georgia's signals.



College football is a clean sport with no if,. and or Butts.

IN NEW YORK STATE, the Senate outlawed hypnotism except for medical use. State Senator Mahoney gave a brilliant speech during which the legislators couldn't take their eyes off of Mahoney's watch chain.



There's a man in Iowa who has collected 50 cuckoo clocks. He says it's a time-consuming hobby. By the time he finishes winding the clocks every morning – it's 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

HOLLYWOOD–One Academy Award we wanted to see:

For best actor: Burt Lancaster, for "Birdman of Alcatraz." Burt worked 16 months with birds to prepare for this role. Congratulations, Burt.
TWEE TWEE Bobbo-Link, Bobbolink, bobbolink. Tweee-twee-tweeee-e-ee.

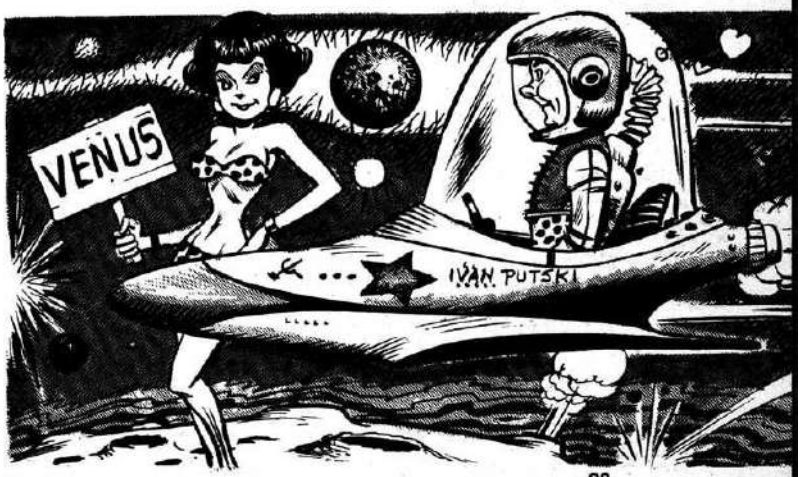
MAIDENFORM BRAS have gone behind the Iron Curtain. The manufacturers say they won't use the dream theme, but we think they're missing a good bet. Can't you just see the ads:

"I dreamt I wore my Maidenform Bra to Stalin's Funeral!!"

"I dreamt I wore my Maidenform Elastic to a purge."

"I dreamt I wore my Maidenform strapless to a Sputnik Launching."

"I dreamt I wore my Maidenform Bra in the May Day Parade."



SICK, SICK

The Americana Hotel in New York has 19 ice-cube-making machines that produce 10,000 ice cubes a day. The next time you run out of ice cubes, you know where to go. That's where the Hilton Hotel goes when they run out.

Everytime we go into a bar, the bartender tells us his troubles . . .

"In the time you can dial your own phone number, Pledge can dust a table." We keep getting a busy signal and we know we're home.

Surgeons claim we'll soon be able to go to a swap shop for vital organs of the body. You can get a new stomach or change your intestines. It will be a little tough for foreigners. You know how hard it is to get parts. If we pick a new liver, we want one with bacon and onions on it.

* * *

Newest thing is dill pickle ice cream. One Howard Johnsons had 79 flavors, but vanilla wasn't one of them. Not only that, but they had never heard of it.

* * *

In the trial of James Mitchell of Newburgh, N.Y., it was charged Mitchell wrote the number "20" on a piece of paper. The State claimed it indicated a $20,000 bribe. Maybe the man just asked Mitchell his age.

* * *

The big wedding of the year was Princess Alexandria marrying a commoner, Angus Ogilvy. The Princess was fulfilling a prophesy made to her three years ago by a Nigerian witch doctor who said, *"You will marry a tall, dark man from the northern mountains of your country."* Scotsman Ogilvy fitted the bill. European royalty attended the wedding of Queen Elizabeth's cousin. Included in the wedding party was Ogilvy's father, a Nigerian witch doctor. The Princess is 16th in line to the throne of England. She comes right after Alec Guiness.

* * *

If we staged the World Series in Moscow, Khrushchev would still ask: *"What about the negroes in the Southern Association?"*

* * *

King Saud, of Saudi Arabia, left Paris with 440 lbs. of strawberries. We can't understand it, King Saud doesn't like strawberries, they give him hives . . . Maybe he likes hives?

* * *

Exercise *Coulee Crest* in Yakima, Washington, was one of the most expensive war games ever held. It cost over six million dollars. For that kind of money, who not make it the real thing?

* * *

There is an association of handwriting analysts. We once wrote them, applying for membership. They wrote back: "You are suspicious, untrustworthy, and excel in athletic endeavors."

* * *

"There aren't many girls who can wear a dress like that—and you're one of them."

* * *

In New Dehli, V.K. Krishna Menon is making a comeback. He is touring the provinces of India. His act consists of non-agression pacts he signed with Red China. *"And then I signed . . ."*

* * *

The U.S. Mint reports we're running out of change. Today, a rare coin is anything under a half-dollar. Change machines will go out of business. We could never figure out how they ever made any money on those machines.

* * *

Why is it always called "hard earned" money, didn't anybody ever make it easily?

* * *

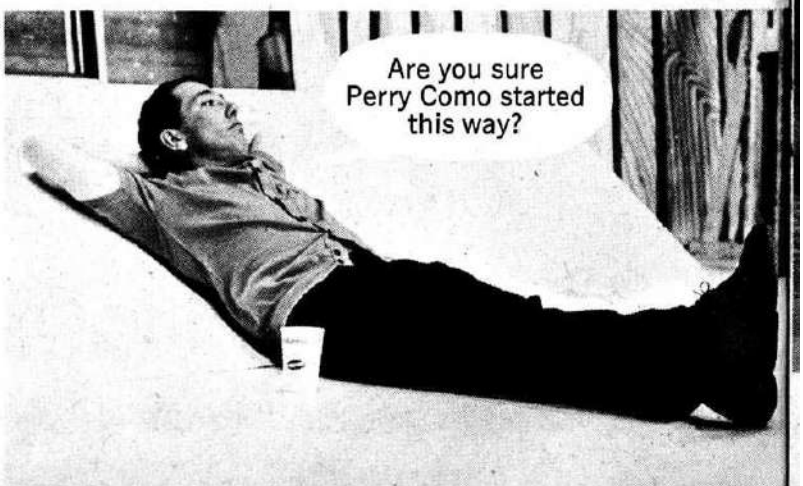
Clapton, England – The morning train roared through Clapton without making its scheduled stop. *The engineer said later: "I thought it was Hackney."* Come now, there's nothing Hackney about Clapton . . .

* * *

"I'll wear my best bib and tucker."
"I'd prefer you wore a shirt and a tie."

* * *

DEAN MARTIN'S GREAT RETORT: When a cop stopped him on the highway and told him to walk the white line. *"Not until you put a net under it."*



WORLD

That controversial Congressman's TRAVEL AGENT

MAN ON PHONE AT DESK:

Davis Travel Agency . . . Land, sea or air—Davis gets you there. This is Mr. Davis speaking—May I help you? Oh, yes, Congressman, how are you, Commander? Ready for another jaunt? Excellent. May I suggest our special trip leaving tomorrow from Washington—a six-day tour of Puerto Rico. Oh, you're *in* Puerto Rico! Then, how about a six-day tour of Washington? Too long?

Oh, you're calling to arrange another European Trip. Just a suggestion, Congressman, but don't you think you should wait until the last one dies down a bit? You sound anxious to get going again. How long have you been home? Four full hours. Just long enough to retain your citizenship.

Who's going with you? Your entire staff? Any members of your immediate family? I see, that *is* your entire staff.

Now, Congressman, what shall I list as the purpose of this trip? The purpose of the trip is to visit backward countries and undeveloped areas. Where do I think you should make your first stop? How about Harlem? . . . What do you mean, "Where is it?" Then, how about Rome? I have a flight leaving tomorrow.

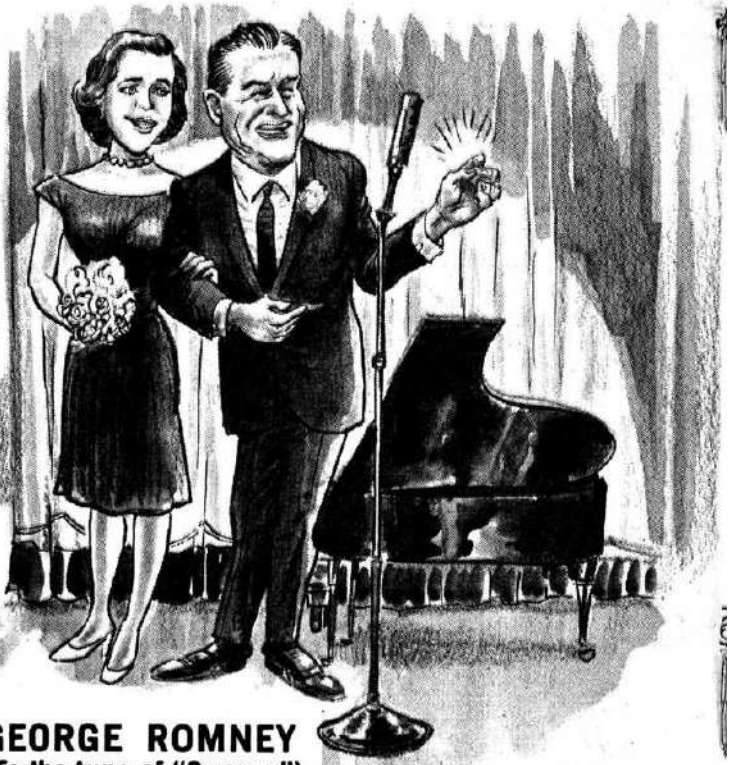
Yes, I have a list of the other passengers on your flight. Their names? Mr. Frank Doley of Toledo, Mr. L. Poplin of Canada and Mr. Emanuel Gonzalez of New York City. Mr. Gonzalez is in seat number 14. It's one seat with eight people. I don't know how they do it either, Congressman.

Now, Rome will be the first stop on your itinerary. You'll love Rome, Gulliver. What's that? No, I'm sorry, Congressman, it's very difficult to arrange an audience with him. It's absolutely out of the question. The Pope just won't allow it. What do you mean, can we go over his head?

Now, for the return flight. You want to come back from Rome on the 17th. On the 17th the only airport available will be Birmingham, Alabama. It's a good field, you can land there even if there's a heavy fog. Oh. that's the *only* way you'll land there.

SING ALONG

With TV becoming more and more important at election time,



ROCKEFELLER

(To the tune of "Make Someone Happy")

Make "Happy" someone,
Just make my "Happy" someone,
Give her a house on Cleveland Ave-n-ue,

Money, money, if that's the answer —
Then, my heart's racing like Native Dancer
I'll turn the nation —
Into a Rockefeller Foundation

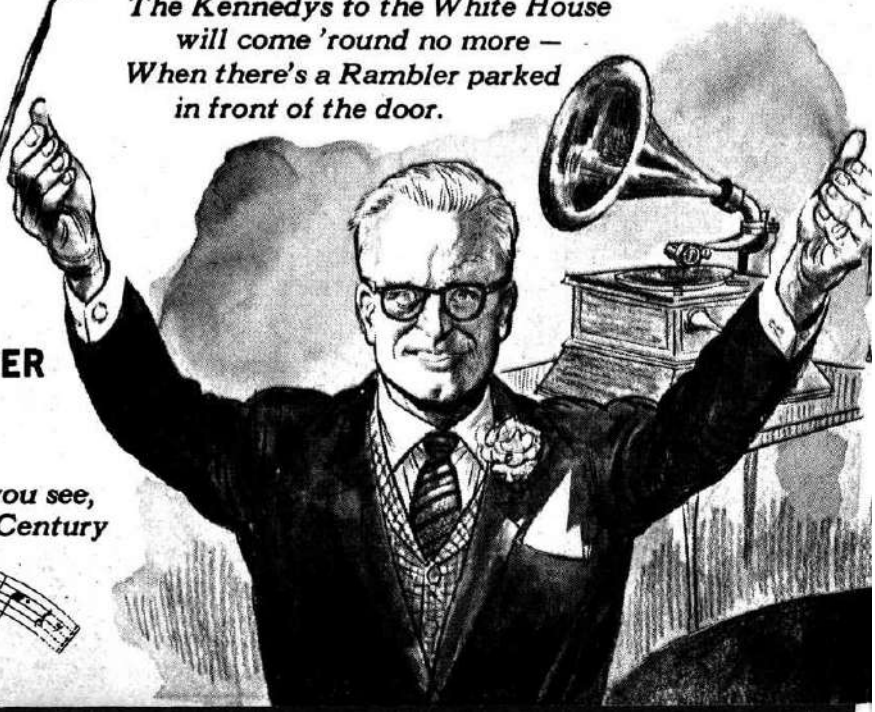
From Canada to Haiti,
Make "Happy" First Lady,
And then, you'll have a Happy, too . . .

GEORGE ROMNEY

(To the tune of "Swanee")

Rom-ney,
How we love you, how we love you,
Darkhorse George Romney.
That you're a Mormon is no pity.
Look at the votes you'll get in Salt Lake City.

Rom-ney,
How we love you, how we love you,
Darkhorse George Romney.
The Kennedys to the White House
will come 'round no more —
When there's a Rambler parked
in front of the door.



GOLDWATER

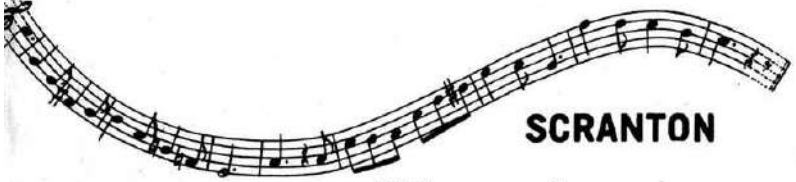
I'm old fashioned, but I don't mind it.
That's the way I want to be.
Cause there are 30 million Americans you see,
Who want to go forward into the 19th Century
With old fashioned me.

WITH THE GOP

By Dee Caruso

Art by Joe Simon

we've written songs for the leading Republican candidates to sing:



SCRANTON

I'll be around,
In case no candidate can be found,
So if Rocky runs aground —
I'll be around.

NIXON

I adore the boy next door,
Who lives on Fifth Avenue.
He's heaven-sent —
He collects my rent,
The boy next door.

(And to the tune of "As Long as She Needs Me.")

As long as the party needs me,
Close to Rocky, I'll be.
I'll watch him constantly,
And Pat will watch "Happy."

Once I had my shining hour —
I got just as many votes as Eisenhower.
I won't leave the party flat,
If it ever comes to that —
I would first leave Pat.
As long as the GOP needs me.

JFK

(To give equal time, sings to the tune "Last Time I Saw Paris")

The last time I saw Lyndon Johnson.
Was Inauguration Day.
No matter where he's gone to —
I'll remember him that way.

Look, Spangler, will you stop bugging me about that three-day pass.

movie review

WE SAW a movie —"*Miracle of the White Stallions*" and it is not to be believed. But Walt Disney made it, so it must be true. It's the stirring story of how, during World War II, 300 highly trained white stallions ran the Austrian government. They made decisions, balanced the budget, found jobs for the unemployed . . .

The only way the Germans found out that horses were running Austria is when the government sent an envoy to Santa Anita.

The stallions held an election and everything. The horse that won paid $4.20, $3.80 and $2.10. He sat in the Chancellor's chair. The chair couldn't carry his weight, so a leg broke and they had to shoot it.

The new government tried to bring culture to horses. They brought a ballet company to do "Swan Lake" and forced all the horses to see it. They didn't get much from "Swan Lake"... you know what they say— "You can lead a horse to water, but —"

The high point of the picture is at the great indoor arena in Vienna when the White Stallions come out to perform. It's truly remarkable. We knew well-trained horses could march in formation, but to sing and dance — and do impressions! For a horse, that's hard.

And they didn't do the usual impressions — Jimmy Cagney, Jimmy Steward, Edward G. Robinson. They did tough ones — Candy Spots, Chateau-guay, Carry Back and Man O' War. They did Man O' War the best. You close your eyes and you'd swear it was Man O' War. I don't know if you ever heard Man O' War. We were at a sports dinner once and we heard him speak.

The horses also did an impression of Haile Selassie. Which, once again, if you ever heard Haile Selassie speak — We once heard him speak at a sport dinner — Mussolini was making sport of him.

"*Miracle of the White Stallions*" is a great film for anyone who loves horses and hated the Nazi oppression, or for anyone who loved the Nazi oppression and hated horses.

Irma La Douce

THIS FILM reunites Billy Wilder, Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine who gave us the wonderful "The Apartment." We never saw it when it played locally, you know how hard it is to find an apartment in New York City.

The picture is advertised as "For Adults Only," we didn't see anything racy in it, until a kid explained it to us. "Irma La Douce" was a hit on Broadway a number of years ago, as have been so many foreign imports. Someone has said that the Mona Lisa would have stayed in New York longer if David Merrick had brought it over. Everybody agrees with that — even David Merrick. He said it.

The action of this racy film takes place in Paris, France. Do you get the feeling that everything happens in Paris. That's why DeGaulle doesn't worry about joining the Common Market. If he doesn't join the Common Market, the Common Market will join him.

Jack Lemmon plays a French policeman in the film. Only, in France a cop is called a *gendarme*. Americans confuse *gendarme* with *garcon* which is a French waiter. That's because most French cops used to be waiters. If you ever ask a French cop how to get to the Eiffel Tower, he's liable to answer, "*Sorry. This is not my corner.*" Shirley MacLaine plays a streetwalker. The French have a word for *streetwalker*, too. It's the same as the American word.

Lemmon loses his job when he stages a raid that nets the Police Commissioner. He goes to see Shirley. Her heavyweight boy friend picks a fight with him and asks him to step outside. Lemmon asks, "*Do you think an outdoor fight would draw?*"

To be with Shirley, Lemmon takes on the disguise of Lord X. He tells her he was named after a sign at a railroad crossing.

Shirley goes back to the bar and with the money she got from Lord X, shouts, "Drinks on me!" They douse her with beer and whiskey.

Shirley becomes jealous of one of the other girls. She asks her to step outside but the girl refuses: "I saw the big gorilla waiting out there." Then, Shirley and the girls kiss and make up. This kid hasn't explained that part to us yet.

Lemmon finally decides to get rid of Lord X. He throws his clothes in the Seine and the police find the Lord's hat and charge Lemmon with his murder.

Rather than try to explain his multiple identity or that joke, Lemmon pleads guilty and is sentenced to a long prison term — ten days in a long prison. French prisons have come a long way since the days of Devil's Island. As Lemmon walks into his cell, which is dark and dank and crawling with vermin, he comments, "When are the painters coming in?" Lemmon gets some paint and paints himself a window, he crawls out through the window and paints himself a rope to climb the prison wall. Just as he is about to reach the top, he runs out of paint.

Lemmon finally escapes with some paint remover. He marries Shirley. They have a small wedding, but they do have a band — A wedding band. For her ring, Lemmon gives Shirley the same wedding ring his grandmother wore at her wedding. It's a touching scene — as they have to cut the old lady's finger off to get the ring.

The French are great believers in short ceremonies and even shorter marriages. Brigitte Bardot's last husband was only married to her for four months when he decided to throw in the towel.

SUMMING UP

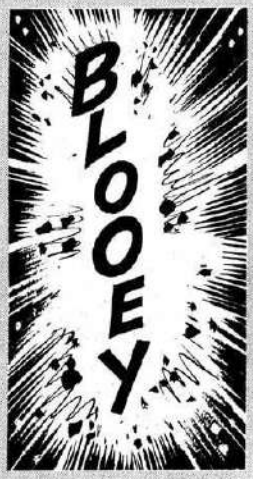
"Miracle of the White Stallions"...You can lead a horse to water but if you only could do something about his toilet training... Horses are known as dumb animals, yet Carry Back earned $635,000 last year and that's not counting what he made as a race horse... People say horses are our dumbest animal because they are the only animals who will return to a burning building. Have you ever watched a fireman?

"Irma La Douce"... Bubbling champagne with a twist of Lemmon...The favorite practice in French Army camps is for all the soldiers to draw likenesses of General DeGaulle. Then, the commander pins the best one up on the wall. It gives the other troops something to shoot at. Terrorists want to make DeGaulle a national monument like the Eiffel Tower. The first thing they have to do is fill him full of holes.

JACK DAVIS Department

CIVIL WAR BLACKOUTS

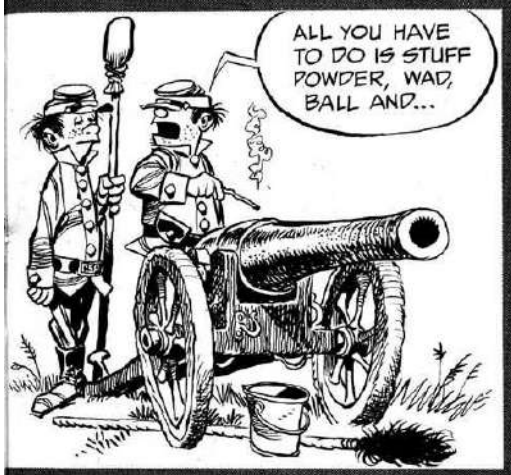
WE HAD such clamor for more of Jack Davis' work (*from Jack Davis*) that here is another set of Civil War Blackouts. We've gotten a lot of letters about this feature, but we're going to repeat it anyway as we promised. Now, if you remember, in the first episode, Jack introduced Prvt. Bo Reargard (*no relation to Bo Belinsky who has his own problems*) and told how he enlists in the Confederate Army, finds love and loses the Civil War. We think we ought to tell you that artist Jack Davis is from Georgia and he doesn't know the South lost the Civil War. We just haven't the heart to break the news to him.

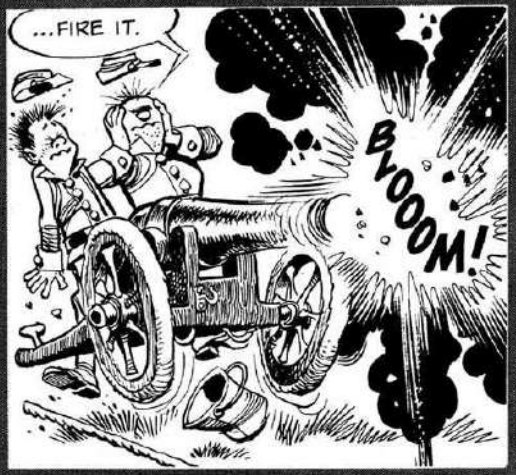


YOU'RE THE GREATEST MESSENGER HOSS IN THE ARMY!

I'M GONNA RECOMMEND YOU FOR OL' JEB STUART'S FIGHTIN' CAVALRY.

JACK


ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STUFF POWDER, WAD, BALL AND...


...FIRE IT.
BLOOOM!

YOU HAVE TO AIM IT!
KEEP OUT
GIANT BURNT FLIDE C.S.A.

PUFF PUFF
HERE BOY!

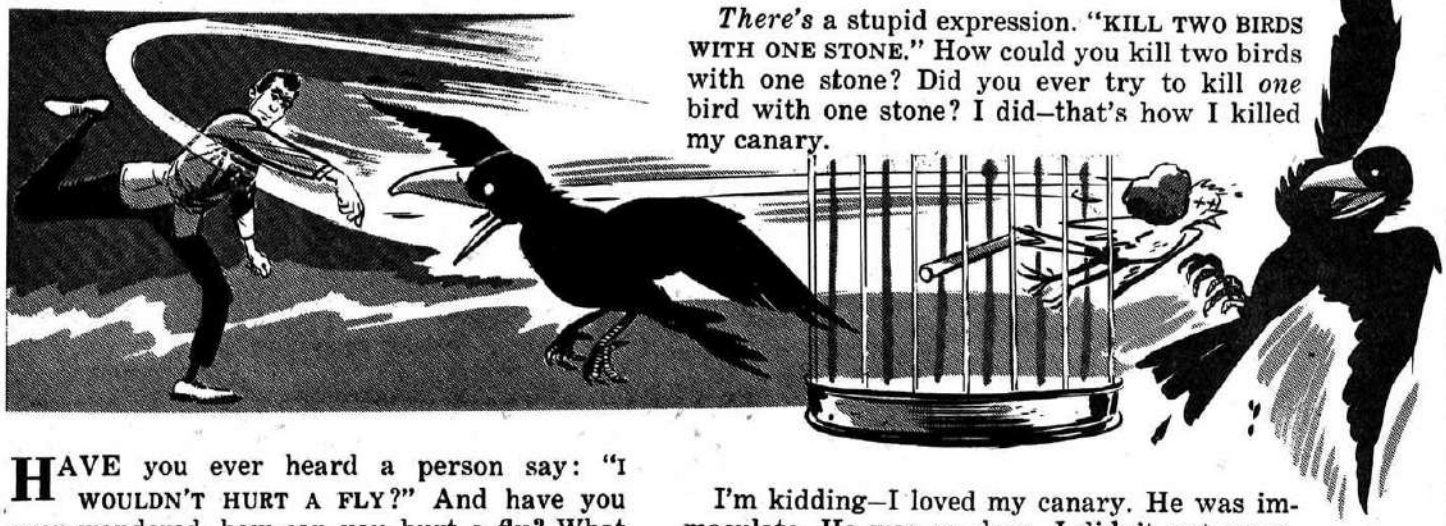
LET ME FIX THAT STRAP— YOU'VE GOT A LONG MARCH AHEAD OF YOU.

YA JEST DON'T FIND MANY OFFICERS LAK THET!

CLICHE, CLICHE, CLICHE

MONOLOGUE

In the style of Jackie Mason



HAVE you ever heard a person say: "I WOULDN'T HURT A FLY?" And have you ever wondered, how can you hurt a fly? What do you do–say things behind the fly's back? What would you say and who would listen? Did you ever try going up to someone and saying: *"You know what I heard about a fly?"*

You can't hurt flies. Flies don't gossip. Bees gossip–bees carry tales. Bees also carry honey. I could tell you things about bees . . . But it wouldn't hurt them.

The stories about bees I can believe, but *birds*–I never dreamed that birds did what they say they do. I just can't believe the stories about birds. If birds do all they say they do, where do they go to do them? Can a bird check into a hotel? We know birds go south for the winter, but to *Miami Beach?*

I had a bird once. A canary. I watched this canary like a hawk. This bird never did a thing. Oh, he washed once in a while, but nothing else. So I know the stories they tell about canaries aren't true. Robins, I'm not so sure of. When you see the first robin in the spring, have you ever wondered where he's been all winter? Probably at a hotel in Miami Beach. I should have put a robin in the cage with my canary, then I could watch both of them–I would have killed two birds with one stone.

There's a stupid expression. "KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE." How could you kill two birds with one stone? Did you ever try to kill *one* bird with one stone? I did–that's how I killed my canary.

I'm kidding–I loved my canary. He was immaculate. He was so clean, I didn't put newspapers on the floor of his cage–I put a rug. The floor of his cage was so clean you could eat off of it.

Have you ever heard people say that? They go to a house and the floor is so clean you could eat off of it. Only, the dishes were filthy. My mother's favorite expression when she wanted me to eat oatmeal was: "EAT. THE CHILDREN IN EUROPE ARE STARVING." I could never figure out why *I* had to eat because *they* were starving. Ship *them* the oatmeal, they're so hungry.

Or my mother would say: "EAT YOUR SPINACH. DON'T YOU WANT TO GROW UP LIKE POPEYE?" I used to want to grow up like Popeye until I saw the broad he married. They called her Olive Oil, I think because she was great with salads.

I wanted to grow up to be like Batman. *There* was a guy–he kept Bela Lugosies for pets. On any baseball team, I always asked to be Batboy. Batman was so strong, yet so gentle, so kind. He wouldn't hurt a fly. *Bees,* he had no use for.

special section

TV Commercials

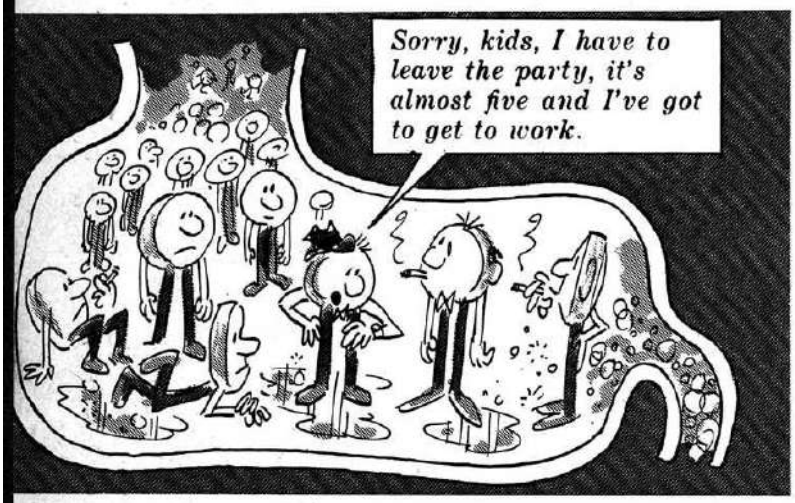
THE BIG TROUBLE with TV commercials is that they are unrealistic. There's the one where a guy's car is stuck on the highway. A beautiful, sexy girl comes over to his car and gives the guy a long, passionate kiss. When he recovers, she explains that his old, clogged fram is what stalled his car. She gives him a new air-flow fram.

Now, that's unrealistic. Just changing the oil fram isn't going to make his car run. Then, there's the Anacin commercial where the boss says something to his secretary and she blows up and shouts, *"I'm doing the best I can!"* The voice says, *"Don't take it out on your boss. What you need is an Anacin."* She doesn't need an aspirin. She needs a new job. She'd never get along with that grouchy boss, even if she took to drink!

YOU GET THE MESSAGE

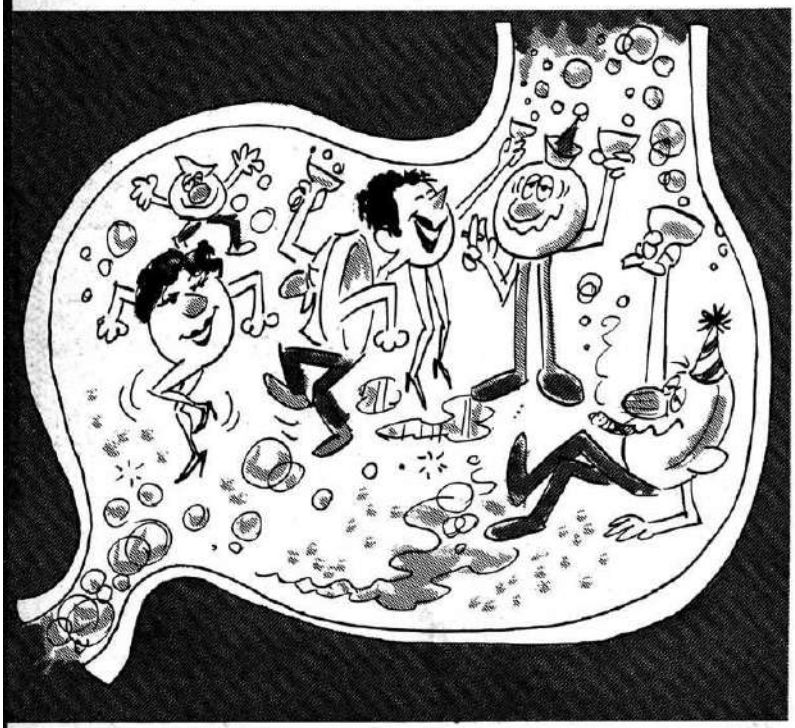
HAVE YOU TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT SOME OF THE COMMERCIALS WE HAVE NOWADAYS? AND THOSE NEW PRODUCTS?

You know that capsule with the thousands of tiny pills that start to work at different times inside your body. Imagine a pill inside of you looking at his watch and saying:

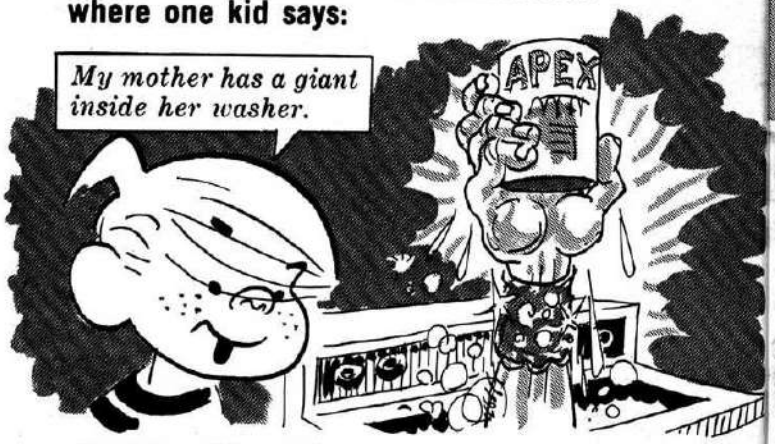


Have you ever thought, if you swallow a pill at 12 o'clock that doesn't start to work until 5, what does it do all that time inside you?

Wouldn't it be friendlier to entertain the pills. Take a bromo seltzer, eat peppers or something.



Then there's the ACTION commercial where one kid says:

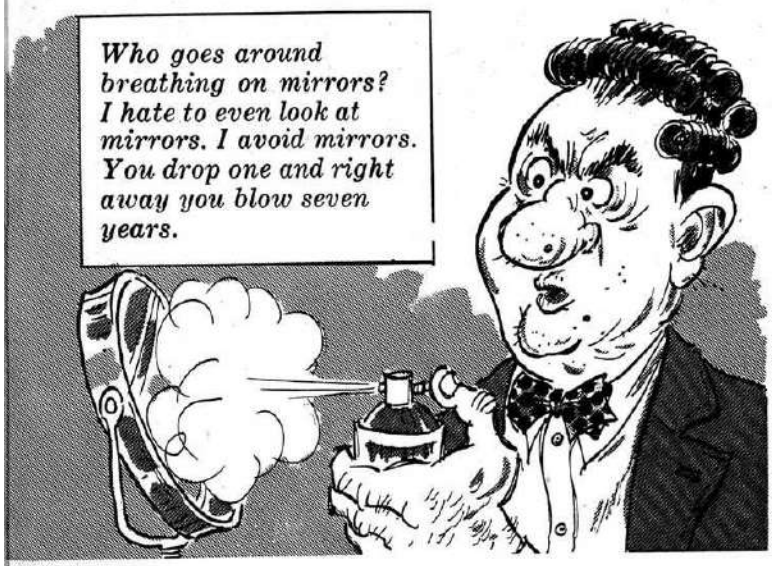


And the other kid says:

You know the Beacon wax commercial. They claim it will withstand a herd of buffaloes on your kitchen floor.

I hired a herd of buffaloes. Do you know my lineoleum held up.
They knocked out a wall in my kitchen.
You should have used the wax on the kitchen wall too.

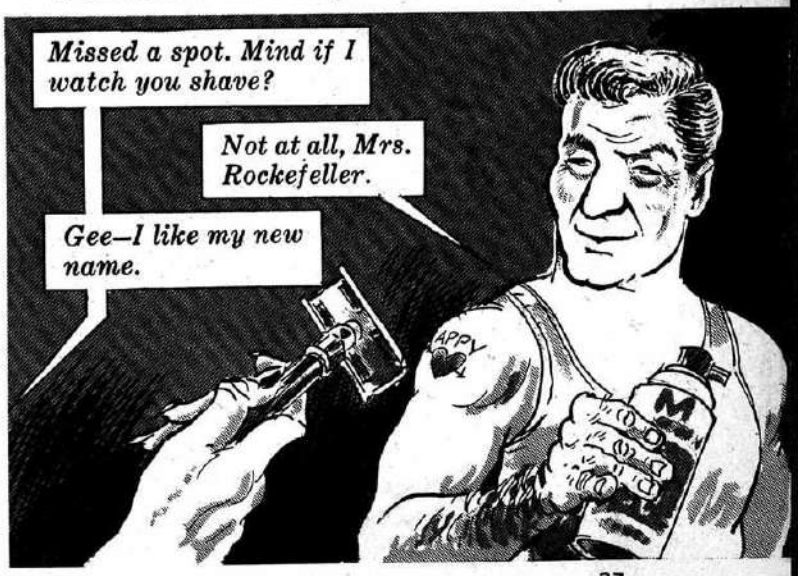
"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU BREATHE ON A MIRROR?" You know that one?


Who goes around breathing on mirrors? I hate to even look at mirrors. I avoid mirrors. You drop one and right away you blow seven years.

The janitor in the Hall of Mirrors, at the Palace of Versailles, France, went berserk and broke 35 mirrors. That entitles him to 245 years of bad luck. 245 years! He should live so long.

Then, there's the commercial where a guy comes out of a doctor's office and gives a sigh of relief:

But the one we're waiting for them to do is the knock on the bathroom door and a feminine voice says:



ADVERTISING

Let Hertz Put You In THE DRIVER'S SEAT

SCENE: Madison Avenue Office. Chief of the Agency, S.L. is speaking to ad executive, F.T.

Why did you want an emergency chit-chat, J.B.?
I'm F.T., S.L.–J.R. went to B.B.D. & O. last week on the Q.T.
I wanted to discuss the guy in the Hertz commercial. You know the one: "Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat." Last week we noticed the model wasn't using wires for the jump. Don't ask me how he does it.
It sounds like a bad Walt Disney movie.
Send him in.
How do you do that?
I was a stunt man in Hollywood Westerns. That's the way I used to get on my horse.
I'd like to see you do it with a car–
Let's see you get into the driver's seat.
Okay.
Our problem is solved, F.T.
Wasn't your convertible parked outside the window, S.L.?
My car was parked outside, but it's not a convertible. I drive a hardtop.
It's a convertible now, Chief.
PAUL REINMAN

TV Rating Service

There are Congressional investigations of TV ratings but the investigation that struck us was of a service in Kansas City, Missouri, which surveyed radio and TV audiences. This service employed only five people, including the owner, and many of their surveys were all in their minds.

The big TV surveys are getting so exacting that the sampling gets smaller and smaller. We're sure it will soon come to this.

This is the Neildex TV rating. What program are you watching?

Dr. Goose's Cartoon Carivan. Why do you ask?

Well, we're trying to get a cross-section. If you are watching Dr. Goose's Cartoon Carnival, people of similar background will also be watching the show. What are you—your nationality, occupation, social position, etc?

I'm an Armenian bamboo designer.

I see, tell me do you think all Armenian bamboo designers are fans of Dr. Goose?

All of them I know are.

Who sponsors Dr. Goose?

The American Communist Party . . . Radio Free Europe, PAL, Smokey the Bear, the Department of Water Conservation.

How often do you watch?

Four hours every day but Saturday. Then, Dr. Goose is on eight hours.

Do you watch Dr. Goose's Cartoon Caravan because you like cartoons?

No, I like Dr. Goose. I belong to Dr. Goose's Fan Club. I have a secret ring and decoder pencil from the show.

Did you get the ring and decoder from Dr. Goose?

No, from the American Communist Party. I entered the contest on the show—"I hate President Kennedy, because—"

Is that sponsored by The American Communist Party?

No, the Goldwater-For-President Organization.

What's your all-time favorite cartoon?

"Of Human Bondage."

Did Dr. Goose show that?

On his Easter Cartoon Festival. It's by W. Somerset Maugham.

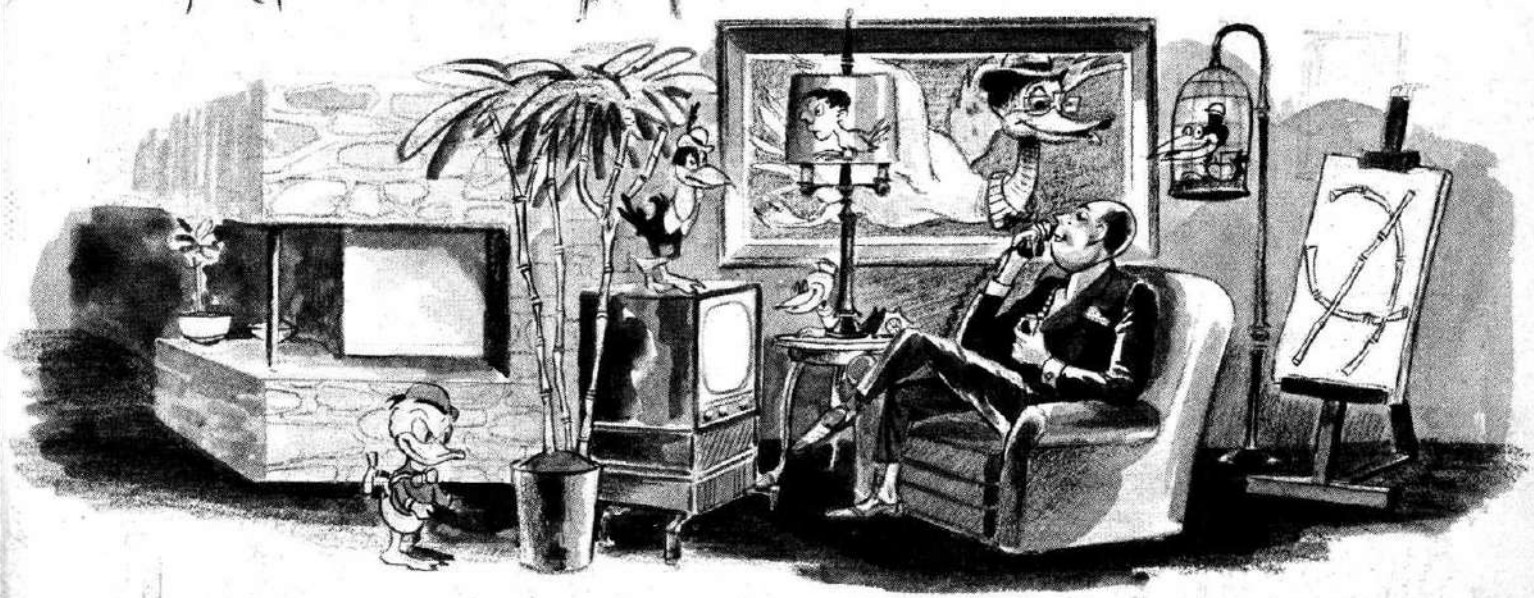
Yes, I know the story. Tell me, do you like Huntley-Brinkley?

I like him but I can't stand her.

Are you happy about President Kennedy?

Half and half.

Would you say 51% for and 48% against. Wonderful. Thanks for your help.



That week President Kennedy's popularity rose to 51% and Dr. Goose's Cartoon Caravan got two points more than Ed Sullivan in that time slot. A documentary placed third—it was about bamboo designing in Armenia.

WIND UP DOLLS

WIND-UP DOLLS continue to attract the ingenuity of SICK's imaginative readers. Wind-Up Doll winners for this issue are the following:

YOU WIND IT UP AND –

The EDSEL DOLL falls apart.

The LAWRENCE WELK DOLL blows bubbles.

The FLOYD PATTERSON DOLL falls down inside of a minute.

The JOE FURD DOLL makes everyone ask: "Who in the world is Joe Furd?"

The JOHN DALY DOLL gives you "a qualified yes."

The EAST BERLIN REFUGEE CAR DOLL crashes through a wall.

The GOVERNOR GEORGE WALLACE DOLL blocks a doorway.

The FRANKIE CARBO DOLL fixes a prize fight.

The AL CAPONE DOLL winds up Chicago.

EDSEL DOLL

LAWRENCE WELK DOLL

FLOYD PATTERSON DOLL

JOE FURD DOLL

JOHN DALY DOLL

EAST BERLIN REFUGEE CAR DOLL

FRANKIE CARBO DOLL

GOVERNOR GEORGE WALLACE DOLL

AL CAPONE DOLL

The Winners are:

Mark Silverman
1525 East 26th Street
Brooklyn 29, N.Y.

Jerry Lemmons (2)
2828 Coleman
Rockford, Illinois

Danny DeVere
59 Lakeside Avenue
Haskell, New Jersey

Jimmy Yacono
Hqs. 1st How. Bn.
35th Artillery
APO-29
New York, N.Y.

Dexter M. Mapel Apt. 1 (2)
500 Arizona
El Paso, Texas

AN INTERVIEW WITH
JOHN WILKES BOOTH

SCENE: TV Studio, Moderator speaks to audience.

EMCEE: Hi, it's Sunday afternoon, some five hours from prime time and NBC-TV presents "Let's Look at Literature." Our book today is "LINCOLN—THE LATER YEARS." Our guest in the studio is Mr. John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Booth, why did you shoot Lincoln?

BOOTH: People always ask me that. It was because of his wife – I wanted to marry Mary Todd Lincoln. She was going to ask Lincoln for a divorce, but she kept putting it off. "Wait until he emancipates the slaves," she'd tell me. "Wait until he wins the Civil War." "Wait until he reconstructs the South." Finally, I thought she was just stalling me. I couldn't wait any longer.

EMCEE: So you shot Lincoln at the Ford Theater. Why at the theater?

BOOTH: Because the theater had been my whole life. I had wanted to get him earlier at Gettysburg.

EMCEE: Why Gettysburg?

BOOTH: It was a cemetery. It would have saved him a trip.

EMCEE: Did you ever meet Lincoln?

BOOTH: Yes, when I had my first big role in a play. I was so nervous, I forgot all my lines. I just stood on stage mumbling to myself. It was a nightmare. Mary Todd – Mrs. Lincoln – brought the President backstage. He tried to cheer me up.

EMCEE: What did the Great Emancipator say to you?

BOOTH: He said: "You stink."

EMCEE: That cheered you up?

BOOTH: It was the way he said it.

EMCEE: Did you hate Lincoln?

BOOTH: No, I loved him.

EMCEE: Why did you kill him?

BOOTH: Every man kills the thing he loves. Some with a word, some with a kiss, I did it with a .38 Derringer Automatic.

EMCEE: Do you think Lincoln would forgive you for assassinating him?

BOOTH: Well, I think if he had lived through it, he would forgive me. I don't think Lincoln would hold a grudge. Carl Sandburg would never forgive me. If Lincoln had lived three more years, Sandburg could have written another book.

EMCEE: That night at the Ford Theater, how come the secret service guard wasn't at the door of the President's box?

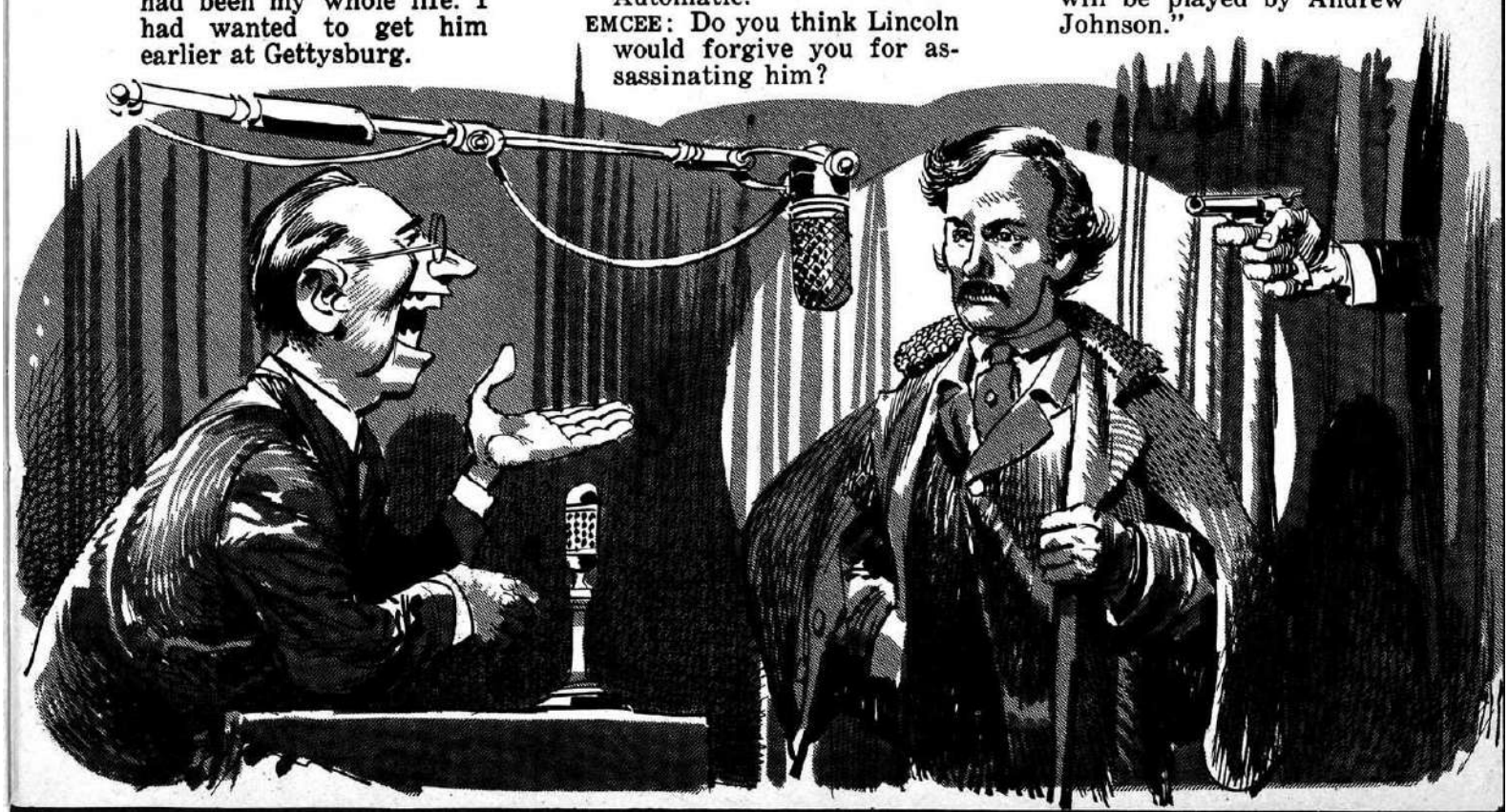
BOOTH: I told him he was wanted on the telephone.

EMCEE: And he believed you? That's surprising!

BOOTH: It is, particularly since the telephone hadn't been invented yet.

EMCEE: After you shot Lincoln, you jumped on stage and shouted: "So, to all tyrants."

BOOTH: No, that wasn't what I said. I turned to the audience and said: "Tonight, the part of the President will be played by Andrew Johnson."



EMCEE: Did your assassination of Lincoln affect your stage career?

BOOTH: It did, surprisingly enough. I found it tough getting roles. I think I was—if you'll pardon the expression—black listed. Whenever I did appear in a play, there was a rush for orchestra seats.

EMCEE: Why didn't you do summer stock.

BOOTH: No, I wouldn't work in a barn.

EMCEE: Is it true you believed in spiritualism?

BOOTH: Yes. A week before I shot Lincoln I went to a gypsy fortune teller. She told me a tall, dark man would come into my life. Then, she said: "The world is just a stage and we are all merely players on it."

EMCEE: That was William Shakespeare.

BOOTH: No, I'm sure it was a gypsy fortune teller.

EMCEE: Why did you leave the theater by the stage entrance?

BOOTH: I couldn't risk being caught. I didn't have a permit for the gun.

EMCEE: Later, you hid in a barn and someone set fire to the barn.

BOOTH: That was me.

EMCEE: You were burned to the ground.

BOOTH: No, that was the barn. I got severe burns but I lived through it.

EMCEE: Your father was an actor. Your brother, Edwin Booth, was named after your father.

BOOTH: That's right and my father named me "John," after our toilet.

EMCEE: You were jealous of your brother.

BOOTH: I tried shooting him at the Haymarket riot in Chicago. The shot went wild and hit President Garfield.

EMCEE: You killed President Garfield?

BOOTH: That was me.

EMCEE: You killed two United States Presidents?

BOOTH: Three. McKinley, too.

EMCEE: But Leon Czologsy, a political fanatic, admitted shooting President McKinley.

BOOTH: Are you going to take the word of a political fanatic?

EMCEE: Do you love your country?

BOOTH: Yes. America is the land of opportunity. A land where every boy can grow up to be President or to get a President. I got three.

EMCEE: What are you doing now?

BOOTH: I'm writing my autobiography about my life in the theater.

EMCEE: What are you calling it?

BOOTH: "Why I Left The Stage."

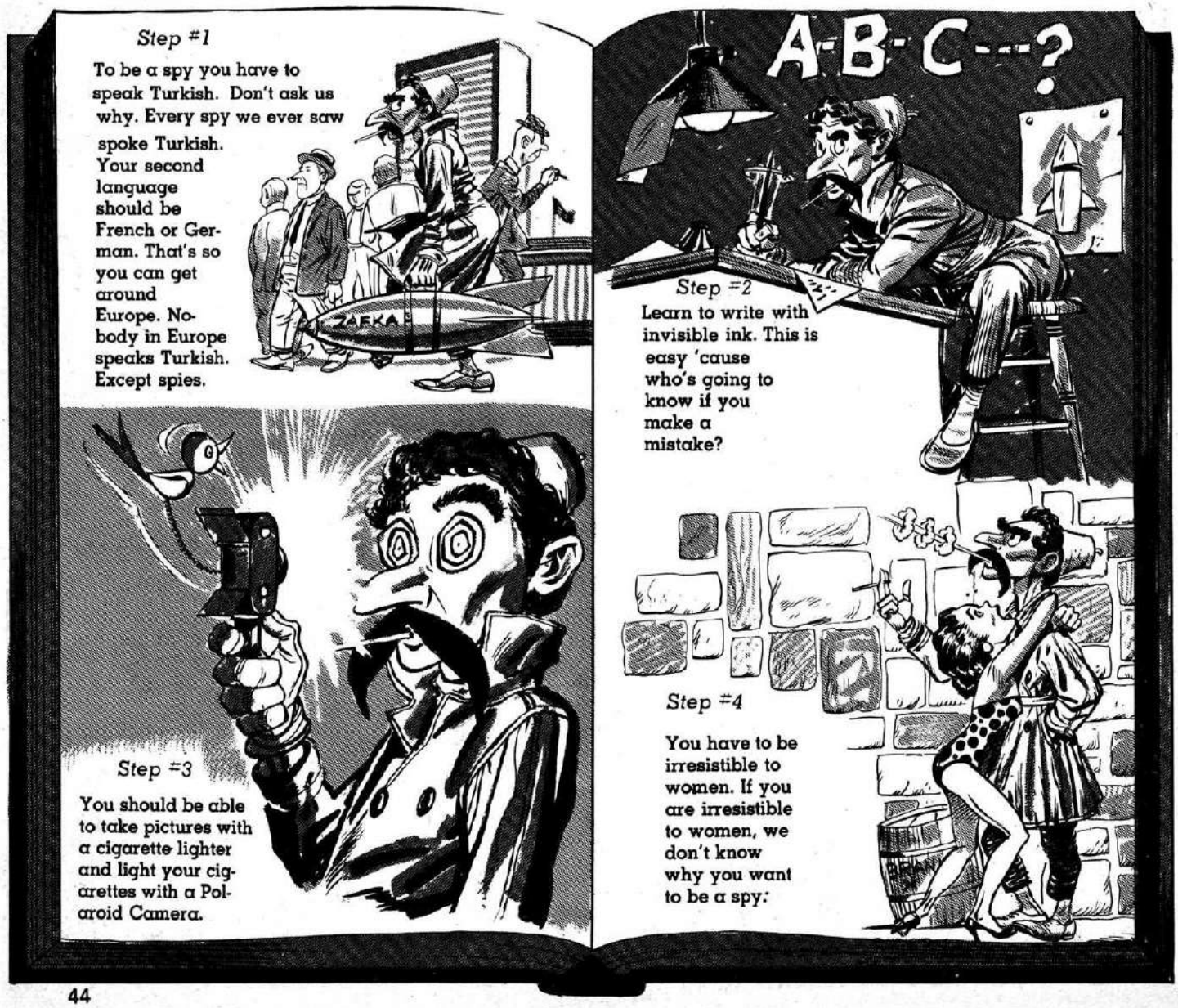
Why must you always follow the other dogs? Why can't you be a leader?

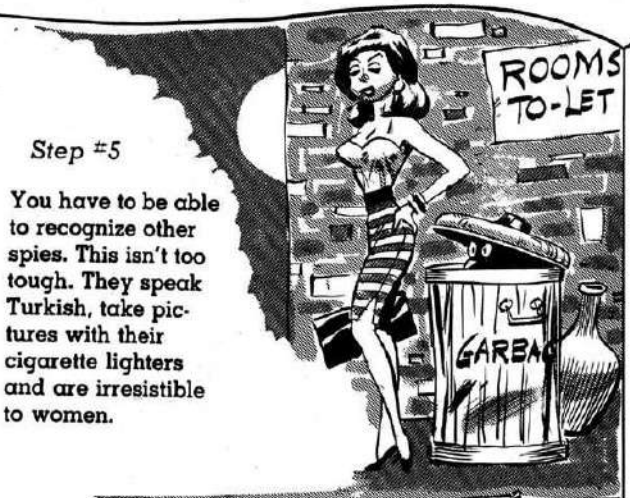
CAREER PLANNING

Handbook For Spies

Art by George Tuska

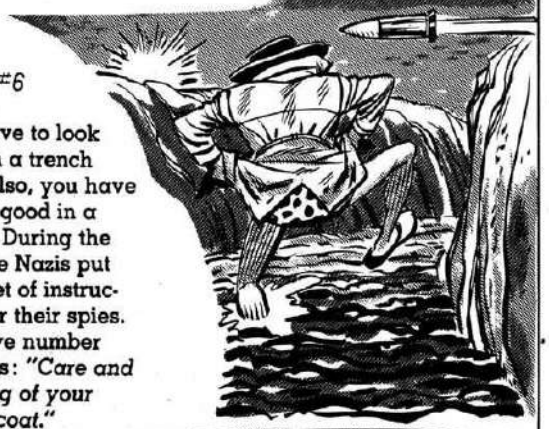
Judging from reports from England, spying is becoming one of the world's fastest-growing professions. As a public service, SICK lists ten easy ways to become a spy. You just have to learn the ten steps and you'll be a professional spy. One thing – if you get caught, don't tell them who trained you.


Step #1
To be a spy you have to speak Turkish. Don't ask us why. Every spy we ever saw spoke Turkish. Your second language should be French or German. That's so you can get around Europe. Nobody in Europe speaks Turkish. Except spies.
ZAFKA
A-B-C---?
Step #2
Learn to write with invisible ink. This is easy 'cause who's going to know if you make a mistake?
Step #3
You should be able to take pictures with a cigarette lighter and light your cigarettes with a Polaroid Camera.
Step #4
You have to be irresistible to women. If you are irresistible to women, we don't know why you want to be a spy.



Step #5

You have to be able to recognize other spies. This isn't too tough. They speak Turkish, take pictures with their cigarette lighters and are irresistible to women.



Step #6

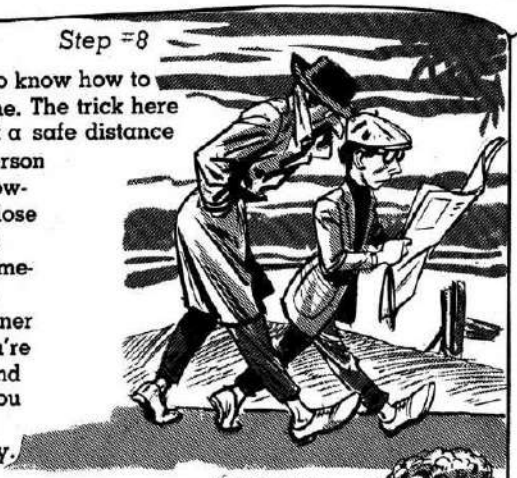
You have to look good in a trench coat. Also, you have to look good in a trench. During the war, the Nazis put out a set of instructions for their spies. Directive number one was: *"Care and cleaning of your trench coat."*

Step #7

You must know Morse Code. Morse's Code is *"Never give a sucker an even break."* One day while nervously tapping his finger on a table top, Samuel Morse discovered Morse Code. It wasn't until the invention of the telegraph key that Morse's finger-tapping meant anything. Until then, Morse would have to carry that table top around with him if he wanted to communicate with anyone in his code. Don't think he didn't try that.

Step #8

You have to know how to tail someone. The trick here is to stay at a safe distance from the person you're following. If you lose the subject, pick out someone else to follow. Sooner or later you're bound to find someone you can follow successfully.

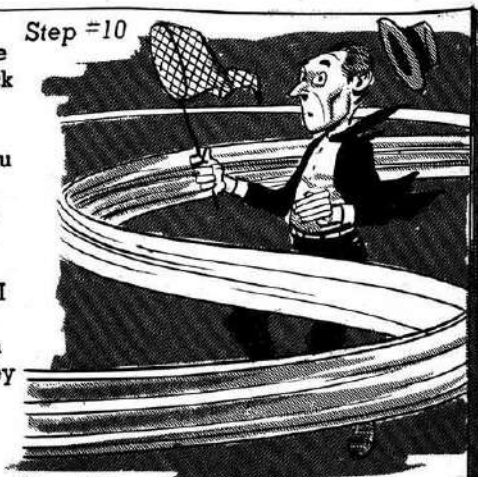


Step #9

You have to know how to lose someone who is tailing you. The best method is to enter a building and go out a side exit. If you are placed in the embarrassing situation of going back out the way you entered and looking for another building to enter.

Step #10

You have to be very fast. Track stars make great spies. That's why you see so many Russian track stars in the U.S.A. Of course, the FBI can't arrest every Russian track star—they can't catch them.

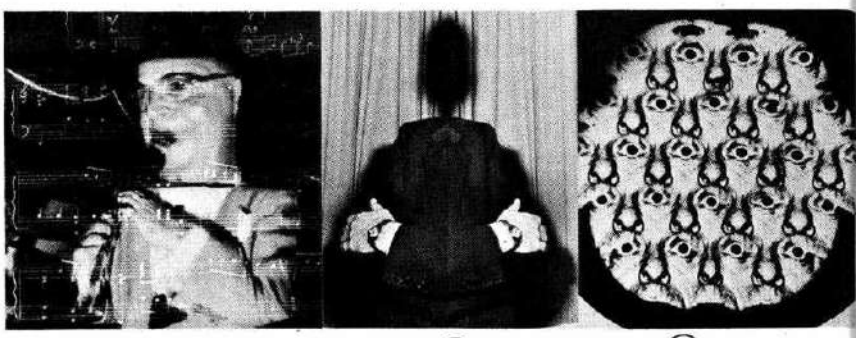


Step #11

Be observant. Nothing must escape the spy's keen powers of observation. What's that? We said there were only 10 steps and this is Step #11. See, how observant you are already. You'll make a great spy, once you master Turkish.

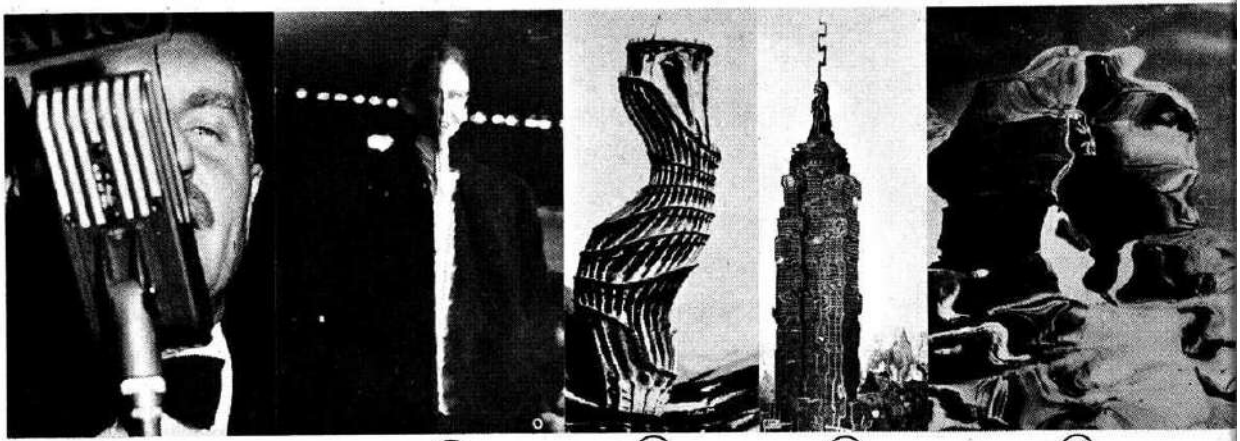
PLACE THE FACE

CONTEST ENTRIES for our June Place-the-Face contest are still coming in strong so we are extending the closing date. We are reprinting that contest and offering a new one, WEEGEE as he sees famous buildings and people. We'll announce both winners in our next issue. Remember, we pay $50 for the entry with the most correct answers and $10 to each of the runners-up in both contests. One Sick reader, Everette E. Greene, of Seattle, Washington, sent in 35 separate entries to our June contest covering every possibility, so that gives you an idea of what you're up against. Each entry Green sent in had an 8 cent air-mail stamp on it so he's invested $2.80 already in our contest. Let's see how he makes out. No, 35 8 cent stamps comes to $3.50. Look, Greene, how much did the stamps cost you?



(A) (B) (C)

(D) (E) (F) (G) (H)



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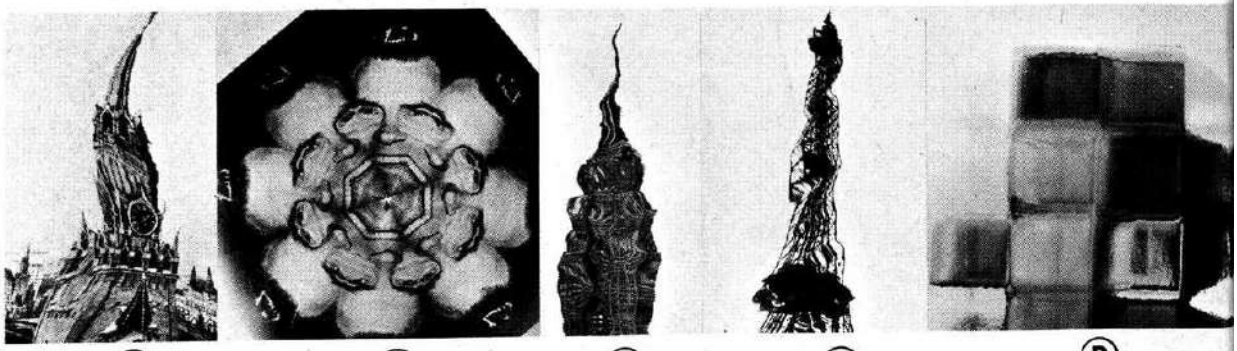

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Send entries to:
SICK
32 West 22nd Street
New York 10, N. Y.

JUNE CONTEST repeated

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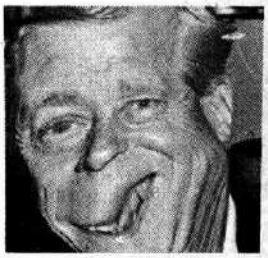
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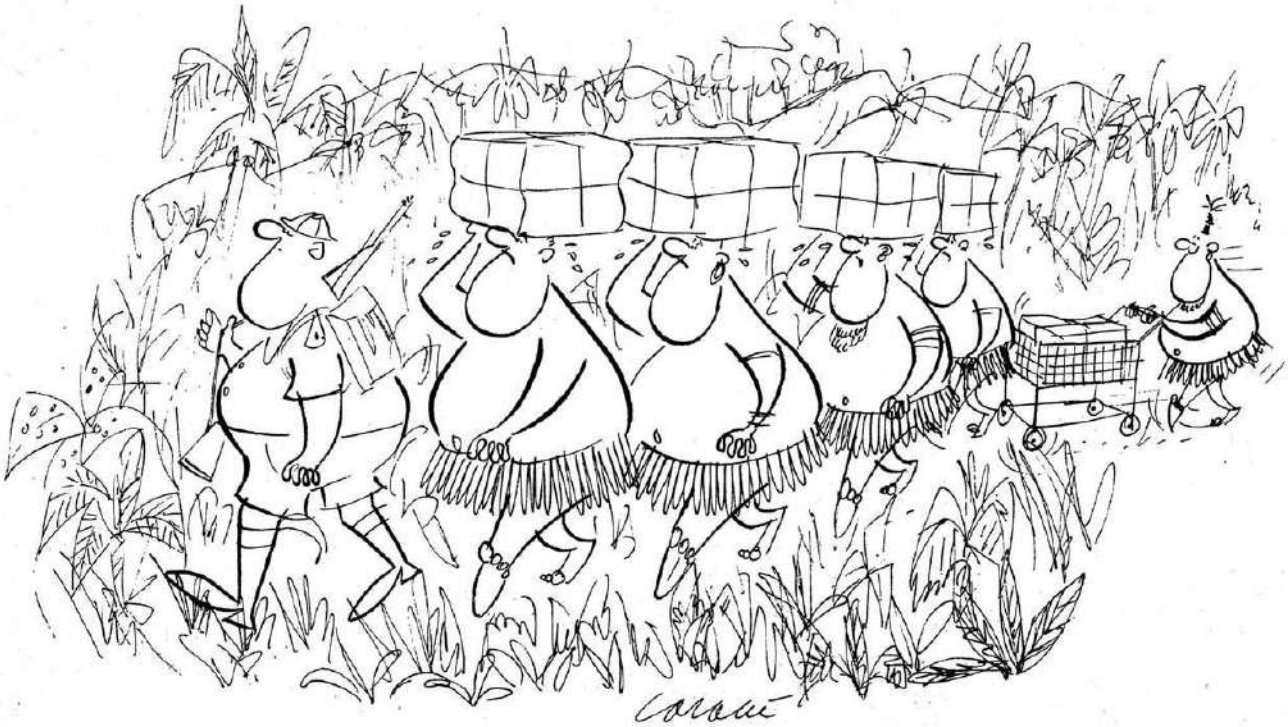

FOR THE BIRDS

JOHANNESBURG, AFRICA—A mobile force armed with flame throwers, incendiary bombs, dynamite and poison spray wiped out 400,000,000 birds. The victim of the mass extermination is the red-billed, speckle-breasted, blue-tailed finch held responsible for grain losses.

SICK was lucky enough to have a reporter present, a crow, to record the stirring battle speech the leader of the mobile force gave before leading his men out against the birds. The man, who looked and talked like Rod Steiger, rallied his men as follows:

The enemy is dangerous, daring and deceptive. Our objective is the red-billed, speckle-breasted, blue-tailed finch. Yes, Harrington? How will you recognize the red-billed, speckle-breasted, blue-tailed finch? By his cry. It's shrill, like a blue jay. What now, Harrington? If you hear the shrill cry, how do you know whether the bird is a finch or a blue jay? You *ask* him. Harrington, let's face it, we're bound to kill a few blue jays—it can't be helped.
Why do we have to kill the finches? They eat wheat, and they eat like pigs—that's why we have to kill them. And I'll tell you something else: If the pigs don't watch their step, they're next.
DR. KALU CASEY
ROD GO HOME
BROOKLYN DEMOLITION COMPANY
VIC MARTIN

If the finches ate a *little* wheat, we wouldn't mind. But they're eating whole cities. Do you remember Leopoldville? Remember Chicago? Orange, New Jersey?

If the finches ate grass, we wouldn't care. They're welcome to it. Corn, even. But don't take the bread out of our mouths. Bread is the staff of life. It builds bodies 12 ways. It's our staple—What's that, Farquard? What are the 12 ways? I don't know all 12 ways, Farquard. I can give you four. That won't help? Now, I'll stay awake all night trying to think of the other eight.

Men, there are four hundred million red-billed, speckle-breasted, blue-tailed finches in South Africa today. And they're bitter because they're a minority group. You go to any part of South Africa and you'll see schools of finches. They always fly alone. That's because other birds won't let them into their schools.

Now, before we go out, I want to spend a minute reviewing your weapons. First of all you'll be carrying flame throwers. One thing to remember—never light a match near a flame thrower. And make sure all flame throwers are out before leaving the woods. A little fire can destroy a forest and make the bears mad as hell.

Now, does anyone know the function of a flame thrower? Nobody . . . Well, maybe we better leave the flame throwers behind, this trip.

Next we have poison spray. We'll spray it on berries and herbs on which the finches feed. I hope none of you like berries or herbs? Yes, Harrington? You only like herbs. Your father was a Herb?

Yes, Harrington, I'm sure the finches would have liked your father.

We are also carrying incendiary bombs. The important thing to remember is to keep incendiary bombs away from open fire. They are highly inflammable. The way we use the bombs is we're going to tie a bomb to the back of a blue jay and let the blue jay carry it into the nests of the finches. How are we going to get the blue jays to carry the bombs?

We're going to *whip* them!

BIRTHDAY PARTY

HOLLYWOOD – Shirley Temple, while celebrating her 35th birthday, revealed that she didn't enter movies at the age of three, but four. She didn't find out until she was 16 – uh, 17.

"On the Good Ship Lollipop . . ."
Oh, Little Shirley.
Yes, Momsy. I was singing one of my movie hits. Did you recognize it?
Little Shirley, I have something to tell you.
Make it quick, I've got a date with James Dunn.
Shirley, today's your birthday.
Yes, Momsy and I love the Jane Withers doll you gave me.
That's not a Jane Withers doll, Little Shirley, that's Jane Withers.
Silly me. I've been putting pins in it all day.
Shirley, today is your birthday and I have a confession to make. It's your 16th birthday but you're 17 years old.
Oh, Momsy, silly you. No one can be 17 on their 16th birthday.
Shirley, when you started in films, we said you were three, but you were four. The studio forged your birth certificate.
Don't get all broken up, Momsy, I've got a shock for you. You're not really my momsy. You're just my "let's-pretend" momsy.
But what happened to the little girl I brought to the studio?
Your little girl is that pin cushion upstairs.
No! Little Shirley, you don't know what this means. You don't know what it's like to be a mother.
I've got another shock for you, Momsy.

Great Moments in Communication

Gunfolk

starring

GNAT DULLARD

and

LESTER LIMP

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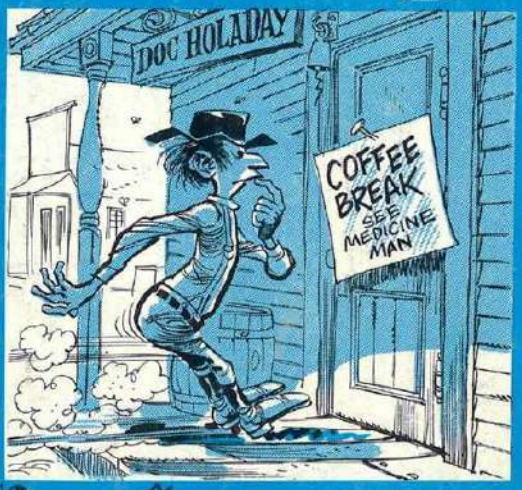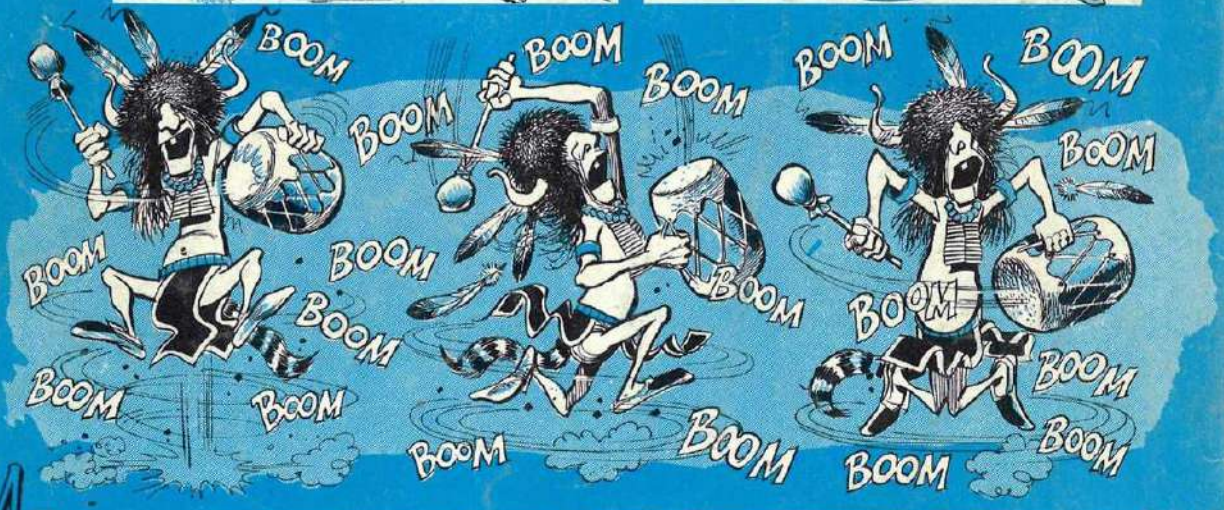
SICK GUIDE TO TV COM-MERCIALS